

6d

# PUNCH

6d



# One world by B.O.A.C.



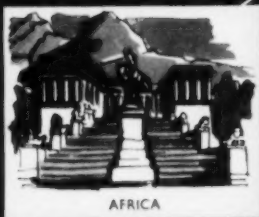
NORTH AMERICA



SOUTH AMERICA



EUROPE



AFRICA



ASIA



AUSTRALIA

## ALL SIX CONTINENTS NOW LINKED MORE CLOSELY THAN EVER

Fifty-one countries on all six continents are now linked by B.O.A.C. regular scheduled services. Many routes are served by Comet jetliners, which B.O.A.C. introduced to the world in 1952. Today, B.O.A.C. has the world's largest jetliner fleet. Few places are far away from Britain by B.O.A.C. For example . . . 2 hours

35 minutes to Rome; 16½ hours to New York; 17½ hours to Johannesburg; 29½ hours to Tokyo, the other side of the world! Distances will shrink still further when Comet services are extended to South America this year . . . And in the years to come, B.O.A.C. will be offering you still faster, still better services!

**B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU to all six continents**

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C. Airways Terminal, S.W.1 (VIC 2923), 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAY 6621) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

**FLY BY B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED



Issued by the  
SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE  
70, Jermyn Street, London SW1

## For the perfect holiday...

Whatever your age or tastes, you'll find — and so will your family — that Spain offers you a holiday different from anything you enjoyed before. Unspoilt, too! Sunshine and summertime all the year round. Also — Spain has everything!

**Is architecture your hobby?** Ever seen the Alhambra, the famed Moorish palace at Granada? Ever visited the ancient city of Tarragona — part Phoenician, Greek, Roman? You'll find that Spain is a treasure-house of such wonders.

**Are you a sun-bather?** Along the lovely stretches of the Spanish coast, particularly in the North, there are countless little coves,

sheltered by rocks and sweet smelling pines, where the sea is always warm.

**Do you like good food?** Spain is famous for its regional foods and cooking — particularly the shell-fish dishes of Catalonia (with delicious vin rosé) and the richer foods of Aragon and the Basque country. You spend a lot of time eating and drinking, in Spain!

**Do you like value for money?** How much further your currency goes in Spain — with prices so reasonable! Full pension from under £1 a day. A bottle of wine from less than a shilling. Real Havana cigars from 1/9d. What a wonderful time you can have!

★ SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

come to sunny **SPAIN**

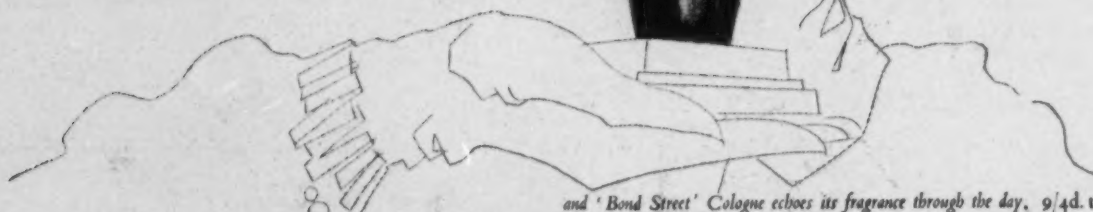


# 'Bond Street' by Yardley

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST PERFUMES YOU WILL EVER KNOW



13/11d. to 59/1d.



and 'Bond Street' Cologne echoes its fragrance through the day, 9/4d. to 13/11d.



*"Its light as a feather  
-and so comfortable"*

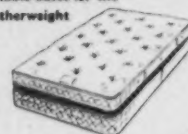


## STAPLES featherweight SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESS

An extremely light mattress which a woman can easily turn on her own. Fine gauge springs; light upholstery in two qualities with lambs wool or cotton felt.

	3 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.
Mattress with Cotton felt	£14-14-0	£21- 0-0
Mattress with Lambs wool	£22- 0-0	£29-10-0
Cotton felt mattress and mattress support	£29- 8-0	£42- 0-0

Suitable bases for the Featherweight



With its own matching mattress support from £29-8-0



On a Staples divan base 3 ft. £43-5-0 (headboard extra)



With support and bedstead 3 ft. £41-16-0 (complete)

JOHN PERRING Branches are at:—

WORTHING	SLOUGH	
OXFORD	READING	JACKMAN'S Ltd.
GUILDFORD	EAST SHEEN	SOUTHBEND
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STAINES	RICHMOND	

Buy your Bedding from...  
**The London Bedding Centre**

A JOHN PERRING Enterprise

13 BROMPTON ROAD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON S.W.3 Phone: KNI 1777  
or from JOHN PERRING 7 RICHMOND ROAD, KINGSTON-on-THAMES





Home Lighter for newly-weds by Ronson, clothes by Janet West, furniture by Harrods.

## Today's most fashionable wedding present

Look at it which way you like — decorative or functional — a Ronson home lighter is a most attractive thing to be given as a wedding present. This model, for instance, the Ronson Queen Anne. Its elegant, traditional outline harmonises effortlessly with any furnishing scheme. Its looks are an asset; its mechanism is

another. It lights easily, surely, for year after year, that's Ronson for you. If there's a young couple (or, for that matter, a hostess) that you're specially fond of, do think about giving them a Ronson lighter for their home. The Queen Anne illustrated on the right costs 4 guineas and all good dealers have it.



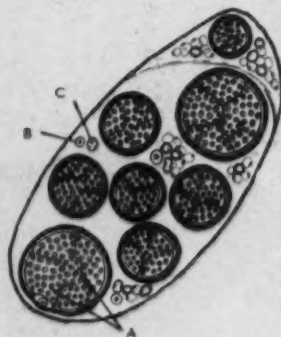
**RONSON** *Lighters for the home*

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON** WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

## FACTS ABOUT YOUR NERVES

# How 'NERVES' make us physically 'RUN DOWN'

ALTHOUGH when we become 'run down' it is usually physical exhaustion that we mainly notice, the source of the trouble is very often in our 'nerves'. It is believed that our 'nerves', at some stage or other, influence the body and bring about certain physical changes which produce the intense fatigue, and other physical symptoms, that attack us when we are 'run down'.



Section of nerve trunk showing how nerve fibres run in bundles contained in sheaths. (A) Nerve Fibres. (B) Artery. (C) Vein

## Watch for these symptoms

You can usually recognise that your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these signs the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

## The Sanatogen treatment

If your 'nerves' can be made healthy, then your 'run down' condition should correct itself. Nerve and body cells, we know, depend for their growth and health—and that means your health—upon an adequate supply of protein and phosphorus. Without these substances your nervous system cannot function properly and nerve cells would 'starve'. To restore and promote the activity of such 'starved' cells you need the extra protein and phosphorus that Sanatogen gives you. By giving this extra 'boost' to your body and nerve cells Sanatogen helps to correct 'nerves' and to restore strength.

## How you take Sanatogen

Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day.

# Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics

Remember, it may have taken months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

## Doctors' opinions

More than 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power. Sanatogen is unique in form and composition and is the standard, accepted tonic for all cases of 'nerves', irritability, over-tiredness and mental and physical strain; in fact, 'run down' conditions generally.

## Have you any sign of 'NERVES'?

Start a course of Sanatogen today before the trouble can go any further. You will be astonished at the ability of Sanatogen to improve your health and well-being. From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.



They're all happy in Windaks. Father likes his Gopher because it's tough, hardwearing and comfortable. Mother likes her Sportie because it's light and yet so warm. Sally likes the stylish cut of her Swiss Missie, and Baby John... well, really Baby John couldn't care less, but Mother knows it keeps him warm and dry in the coldest, wettest weather.

They'll turn a good shower of rain, and take the bite out of the coldest wind. Made in a host of lovely colours for the who's family.



Write for name of your nearest stockist.

WINDAK LIMITED, Woodside, Poynton, CHESHIRE



HOUSEWIFE



FARMER



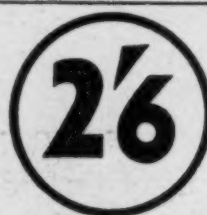
FOOTBALLER



MOTORIST



GOLFER



## THE BEST VALUE IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP TODAY

Every family should have a 2/6 Tube or Jar of Perox-Chlor the nail and Hand Cleaner. A small tube will last for months. A very small amount only is required to whiten the hands and nails.

KEENE'S  
**Perox-Chlor**  
*A marvel of Scientific Chemistry*  
★ FROM ALL CHEMISTS ★



ENGINEER



CLEANER



DENTIST



LAWYER



GARDENER



SCHOOLBOY



FISHERMAN



SCHOOLMASTER



EVERY SCHOOLBOY should know a simple fact like this. It's the great beauty of gas refrigeration — perfect silence!

Busy housewives bless the day they had a gas refrigerator installed; it is economical, it rules waste right out of the kitchen. It enables you to get the upper hand of your catering problems however large or small your family. It makes for food cleanliness and that means good health.

But gas refrigeration is not only economical and healthy, it's quite surprising how it boosts your morale. Think of those lovely iced sweets and iced drinks in the summer. A gas refrigerator is the one luxury that is absolutely necessary.



*Good—it's GAS!*

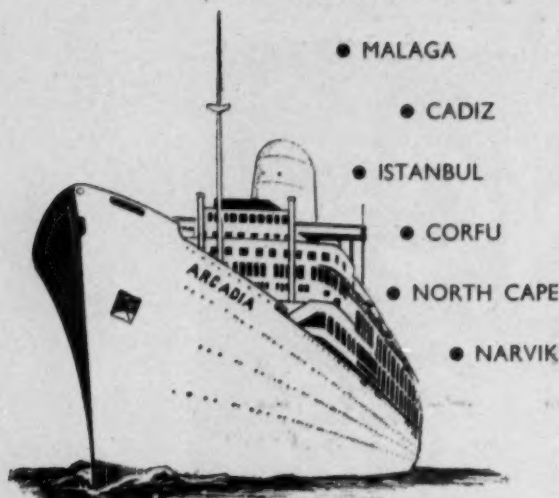
The Gas Industry makes the best use of the Nation's coal

Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL



## STEADY AS SHE GOES!

(WITH STABILISERS OF COURSE)



- MALAGA
- CADIZ
- ISTANBUL
- CORFU
- NORTH CAPE
- NARVIK

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OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT



## Your LAWN COULD LOOK LIKE THIS

A lawn cut with a Ransomes precision-built mower is a source of pride to its owner. You too can obtain the same velvety smoothness so easily . . .

## Ransomes

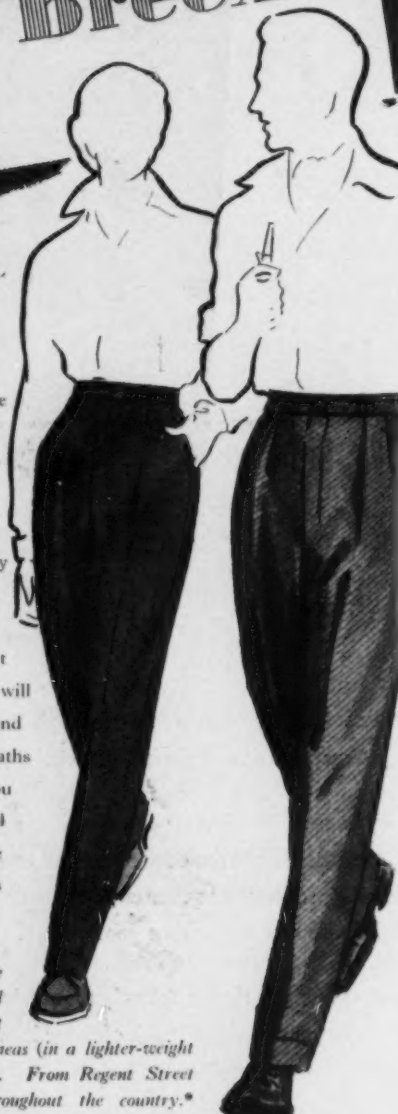
Specialists in the manufacture of Hand Lawn Mowers, Motor Mowers and Gang Mowers. Ask your Ironmonger for particulars.

PRICE  
'AJAX'  
£11 - 13 - 7  
including P.T.

'ACE' PRICE  
£4 - 19 - 4  
including P.T.

RANSOMES SIMS & JEFFERIES LTD. ORWELL WORKS. IPSWICH.

## Discipline shows in Breeches

**CAVALRY TWILL**  
'Breech' are for positive living. They are designed for men and women who discipline their leisure hours, and every seam shows it. They are tailored by breeches makers with a skill that quickly asserts the authority of a man; that minimises a woman's silhouette. They are comfortable: but they are not slacks. You will see them on fairways and tideways, on mountain paths and game reserves. If you see them in a garden, it will be a garden. 'Breech' are for people who get things done.

'Breech' are belted, have leatherbound turn-ups, and are usually priced at about 5½ guineas for men, 5 guineas (in a lighter-weight cavalry twill) for women. From Regent Street or accredited agents throughout the country.\*

### HARRY HALL

for thoroughbred clothes

235-237 Regent Street, London, W.1  
Tel. REGent 6601

\* Messrs. Hallzome Ltd., 104 Marylebone Lane, W.1 (WELbeck 9962), will be pleased to supply the name and address of your nearest stockist.

*In a 'gin and it'*

*better drink*



**MARTINI**

SWEET

**She:** There's no mistake about this cocktail.

**He:** No mistake is right. It's a 'gin and it' that's really 'it'.

**She:** You can't go wrong where the vermouth is Martini.

**He:** No. It was the wonderful Martini flavour that made Gin and Italian famous.

**She:** After all, it's the vermouth that makes the cocktail.

**Both:** And Martini makes the vermouth.

A name with great associations...

# GRENFELL ★ GOLF JACKETS RAINCOATS · SPORTSWEAR

- Sir Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador.
- Scottish Garwhal Expedition 1950.
- Norwegian Himalayan Expedition 1950.
- Everest Expeditions.
- Stirling Moss — Racing Motorist.
- British West Greenland Expedition 1950.
- 1953 Expedition to Kilimanjaro.



\* So called after Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador for whom this cloth was originally woven. Since then, leaders in all fields of sport and exploration have adopted GRENFELL because it combines minimum weight with maximum protection.  
Haythornthwaite & Sons Ltd.,  
Lodge Mill, Burnley, Lancs.



## SEE what's Cooking!

THROUGH THE FULL SIZE INNER GLASS DOOR



Just a peep through the inner glass door and you really can SEE what's cooking in this fine Belling 47AB—no more guesswork or spoilt food for you now.

And at £32.5.0 it costs no more than an ordinary cooker. See one for yourself at your local Electrical Shop or Showroom.

"Belling"

**FREE!** Write for 56-page Booklet and folders describing this and other Belling products ranging from the Wee Baby Belling at £6.19.6 to the magnificent Streamline at £19.10.0.

BELLING & CO. LTD., ENFIELD  
CRC 131



PR. 736 "ALBURY"  
£25.10.0

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Write for Catalogue:  
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## Insist on Kunzle Quality



### Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

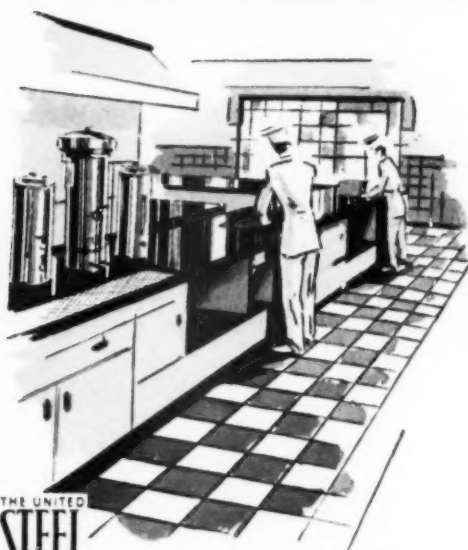


# STAINLESS STEEL

*... the metal of the age*



Natural colour photograph by courtesy of the manufacturers of "Leisure" Stainless Steel kitchen equipment, Wallis & Co (Long Eaton) Ltd.



**"SILVER FOX" Steel offers . . .**

*sparkle in the home  
hygiene in catering  
economy of work in the kitchen*

A leaflet "The Care of Kitchen and Catering Equipment manufactured from Stainless Steel" is available on request,

**"SILVER FOX"  
STAINLESS STEEL**



*Registered Trade Mark*

"Silver Fox" is a Registered Trade Mark for Stainless Steel which is produced for the requirements of equipment manufacturers.

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Associated with The United Steel Companies Limited

THE UNITED  
**STEEL**  
COMPANIES LTD

*six flavours:*

GOOSEBERRY  
RASPBERRY  
PEAR  
LEMON  
PINEAPPLE  
TANGERINE

1lb 2/4 1lb 4/8

*The only sweets with these lovely liquid centres*

MELTIS LIMITED • BEDFORD • ENGLAND



## Leather upholstery



*takes the rough—with the smooth*

... AND MAKES A GOOD CAR A BETTER INVESTMENT



"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date list of cars that are available with leather upholstery, showing the extra charge for leather where it is not included in the price. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1

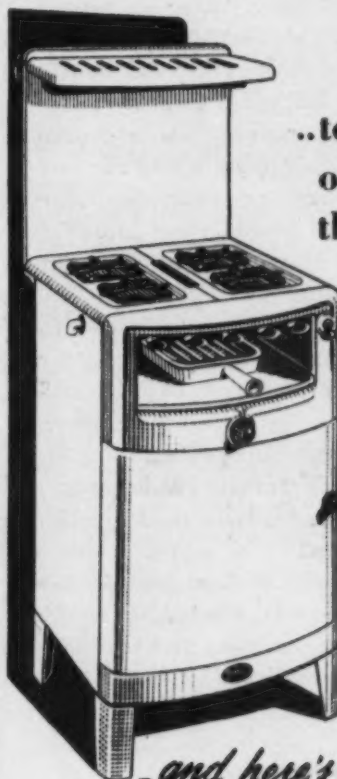


THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

# CHANEL

## Do you know...

... that the patent Kitchener was invented by William Flavel (1779-1844) and superseded the open fire and spit. A full page advertisement in 1829 stated that it was: "constructed on new and improved principles and adaptable to all fire places from three to ten feet in length."



*..to-day the pride of the kitchen is the Flavel '68'*

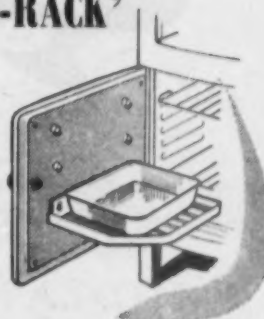
... and it's not surprising for with a 'larger than usual oven,' fast efficient burners and a capacious grilling space this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

*...and here's a bright idea!*

## THE 'HANDY-RACK'

With this aid to good cooking you just open the cooker door and out comes the cooking ready for inspection.

Fixed in a matter of minutes to the popular '68' the Handy Rack locks firmly in any of three positions and cannot slip during use.



**FLAVELS**  
of LEAMINGTON

MAKERS OF FINE COOKING AND HEATING APPLIANCES SINCE 1777



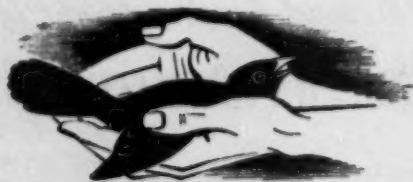
## APRIL

### FOUNDLINGS

This is a month during which many households will make well-intentioned but almost always unsuccessful attempts to bring up some young wild creature which has been mislaid by its parents. The half-fledged black-bird, the baby rabbit, the young starling which comes suddenly down the chimney like Father Christmas—they throw themselves on our mercy and we take them on the strength. They seldom survive long; the caresses of our children, an empirical diet, sometimes (alas) the cat, combine to shorten their lives; they have hardly been, after much controversy, christened when there has to be a funeral behind the tool-shed.

They have, while they are with us, the rather touching charm conferred by helplessness. They arouse in us—though not in the cat, who takes an entirely different view of their inability to look after themselves—the protective instinct. Their parents spoil our fruit, eat our vegetables and block our gutters with their untidy nests, and these uninvited guests will do the same if they survive our hospitality; we cannot hope for the handsome dividend which Androcles's lion declared.

We do, nevertheless, what we have done in other Springs. We bring out the bread-crumbs or the lettuce, we charge the fountain-pen filler with milk, we shut the cat in the boot-hole. And, very occasionally, we save a life.



*The protective instinct is strong in all who have young people in their charge. To safeguard the future is a pressing need, most easily satisfied by using the wise and friendly services of the*

**MIDLAND BANK**

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

**"WILDFOWL"**

**THE CAP  
WITH A DIFFERENCE**



Made in one piece from pliable felt.

New streamlined shape.

Fits the head like a hat.

New mixture colourings.

**CHRISTYS'  
FELT CAPS**

OBTAINABLE FROM

**CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 35 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3**  
(Entrance in Lombard Court)

and good class men's shops everywhere

*have you ever enjoyed a*



*the real thing—mixed to the original recipe—is so different because it's made with the one and only*

**PLYMOUTH**

*the GIN  
of pre-war perfection \**



\* PERFECT plain or with vermouth, bitters, minerals or cordials.



## What is a window ?

Silly question ? Not at all. The schoolboy's "glass hole surrounded by a wall" is no longer good enough. A Williams and Williams metal window can be the entire wall. Or all four walls and the roof as well. In short, the definition of a window today is probably "an area of glass framed in metal by Williams and Williams."

## METAL WINDOWS

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS**



**MEMO TO ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS:** You can get quick delivery of metal windows by contacting any of our 19 offices in Britain. Each office gives you full personal service — from estimating to fixing teams on site. Williams and Williams Limited, Reliance Works, Chester.

## **NO plant is too large for AUTOMATIC CONTROL**

**— FEW TOO SMALL TO PROFIT BY IT**

GET the advice of specialists in automatic control who make an entire range of physical regulators, instruments and components for instrumentation. Drayton will submit complete instrumentation schemes. At the other end of the scale, our technical staff will give its unbiased recommendations on the CORRECT selection of an individual regulator for a particular job. Any plant WITHOUT control or with the WRONG type is running the risk of spoilage, needs more supervision and is almost certainly wasting fuel. Write for the Drayton Catalogue covering our manufacturing range.

The Model 50 "Dial Set"  
air-operated process regulator



- ★ Self-operating regulators for simple control.
- ★ Motor-operated valves for on-off control.
- ★ Proportioning electric temperature regulators.
- ★ Temperature, pressure and draught recorders.
- ★ Air or water-operated pressure relay regulators.
- ★ Air or water-operated expansion stem regulators.

**DRAYTON will advise you!**

AC18

Drayton Regulator & Instrument Co. Ltd., West Drayton, Middlesex



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**SHAKESPEARE  
MEMORIAL THEATRE**  
(Stratford-upon-Avon)  
Practical tribute  
of world-wide  
attraction...

... likewise in insurance,

is the service and security of the



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Chief Administration:  
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# The PAINT you need most



Inside painting is necessary for the look of the place, but where you need the paint is outside. In this most important of all painting jobs white lead paint proves itself, as it has done for hundreds of years, the best protection for timber, plaster or stone.

**White Lead Paint Lasts.** It lasts for years without cracking or flaking so that subsequent repainting demand very little preparation. White lead paint used to be expensive enough to deter many people from using it, despite its long term economy. This is no longer the case, and now more and more new users are discovering an old truth — that white lead paint lasts.

Magnet White Lead Base HARD GLOSS Paint is the up-to-date version of this trusty friend. Hard Gloss. Lasting Protection. A range of 32 intermixable colours. If your Decorator doesn't tell you, you tell your Decorator...

**MAGNET** for the OUTSIDE

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

LONDON · NEWCASTLE · CHESTER







*Nappies aired yet, Mrs. Hollis?*

When washed in water soft as rain, clothes are really clean and free from hard-water lime deposits. In laundries, Albright & Wilson's 'CALGON' (Sodium Metaphosphate) has long been used to soften hard water. 'CALGON' is not a soap, nor a detergent, but simply a water softening powder. It is now being distributed through retail shops for all home uses.

*A sample of Calgon will be sent on request.*



*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON**

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W. 1  
REV. 166



In France  
they drink more  
**St. Raphaël** than any  
other aperitif

St. Raphaël is the real French wine-  
aperitif, full strength, bottled in  
France. 22/- a bottle.

Drink it by itself served cold with  
a slice of lemon—that's how they  
enjoy it in France; or have a gin  
and St. Raphaël.



AND NOW  
YOU CAN  
GET IT  
HERE—  
FROM WINE  
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L'aperitif de France

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F. S. MATTA LTD., 218/220 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

*The  
measure of  
man's regard  
for time..*



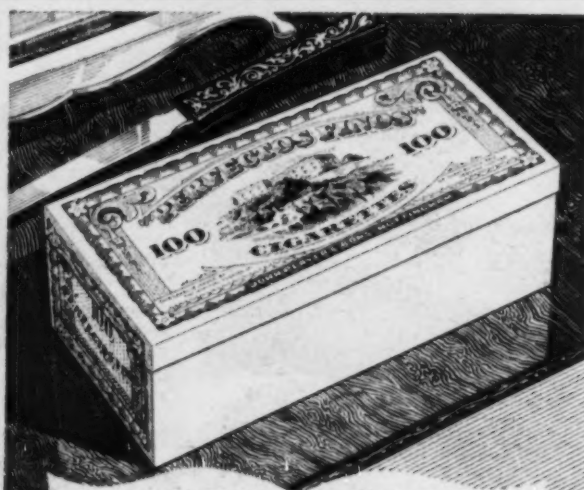
With this AUTOMATIC '331',

**MOVADO** has quietly made watch history.

Never before has so slim a case housed a full  
self-winding movement. The secret? An oscillating weight  
made of a new alloy nearly as heavy as uranium. The price?  
£28.0.0 in a stainless steel waterproof case.

**MOVADO** the highly prized watch

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**PERFECTOS**

The inevitable choice for those who  
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*Packed in boxes of 50 and 100*

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL  
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PF28A

## Probably the world's finest thorn-proof

There's nothing like Glencarrick tweed for giving a man confidence in his clothes—this superb material tailors so beautifully, hangs so perfectly. Made from pure virgin wool. Finely spun, with two-fold warp and weft, it has a smooth, tight weave produced in 40 patterns—ideal for informal wear.



\* From the best men's shops, 2-piece Suit about 15 guineas, Jacket about £11. In case of difficulty the name of your nearest supplier can be obtained from—

BENJAMIN SIMON & SONS LTD. Makers of High Grade Clothes. PARK LANE, LEEDS, I. ndh3010



## A completely new idea . .

The sock with two separate layers of fabric in the sole. Nylon makes the entire sock then a separate inner sole of superfine Merino wool is inserted. The spun nylon outside withstands exceptionally hard wear and adds its shrink-proof qualities, the wool sole imparts comfort in wear. Thus insulated the sock reduces foot fatigue and is cool in summer, warm in winter. Easy to launder and darning is practically eliminated. Fancy ribbed design in navy, mid grey, maroon, light grey, camel, brown. Half hose 10/9 pr.

Summer shorts with lastex tops 9/9



\* **Post orders.** An allocation of these splendid socks has been specially reserved for orders by mail. Postage, one pair 3d.: three pairs 6d.

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED



**Crest**

bench-made for the man  
whose feet deserve that  
little extra in comfort,  
quality and appearance—  
at a slight extra cost . . .

In stock at £5 15 0

by **SAXONE**

241 REGENT STREET  
LONDON, W1  
and throughout the country



**This wasn't funny  
for us, Sir!**

Concealing ourselves in our own camouflage was not from choice. An attack on the whiskers or a brush with the Fuzzy-Wuzzies took about equal courage in my day. Progress has given you an unfair advantage with the Gillette Safety Razor and those supremely sharp Blue Gillette Blades. Gad sir, with the quick-feed Gillette Dispenser shaving may be magnificent but it is no longer war.



**Good mornings begin with Gillette**



## CHARIVARIA

**G**IVING a farewell address to girls who had just completed a stenographers' course, the principal of a New York training college told them: "The most valuable asset you can acquire in the world of big business is a thick skin." He might have added that this takes time, particularly if you insist on mink.

### Bran-Tub

**S**OMEONE in Sussex is advertising for an art student to draw an ostrich, a Riviera motorist has run over an eagle, and a witness who was reproved for laughing and smiling during a trial said that he had a rare



sense of humour and had been to see a psychiatrist about it. How humdrum life seems, until you read that the Tryetakovski Art Gallery in Moscow has a picture of Sir Winston Churchill smoking a cigar with a band on.

### Dolce Far Niente

**R**EADERS developing a nervous flutter from an excess of front-page sensationalism might do worse than make a change to the *North Western Evening Mail*, whose reporting style tries not to chill the blood if it can possibly be avoided:

"An iron scaffolding clamp falling from the Old Bailey dome did not break the glass roof of No. 4 Court, which was not in session."

### Silver Lining

**B**ROUGHT to testify before an Eisenhower Press conference on the test in the Marshall Islands, Mr. Strauss was admirably level-headed in his

comments, particularly with regard to the two hundred and thirty-six inhabitants of the Islands who had been affected by radio-active particles. Mr. Strauss had visited these victims, he said, and "all had seemed well and happy." It is hard to see, in view of this, what all the fuss is about. Since it is unusual, in the ordinary course, to find two hundred and thirty-six people unanimously sound in health and spirits it looks very much as if the bomb contains valuable therapeutic properties.

### Addition to the Script

**D**EMONSTRATIONS at meetings of the Supreme Soviet are classified as "applause," "prolonged applause," "stormy applause," "laughter and stormy applause" and "prolonged applause amounting to an ovation." For those who have not attended a meeting of the Supreme Soviet the last of these categories can perhaps best be likened to the noise made by a B.B.C. studio audience when a comedian indulges in side-splitting visual business which the listeners at home can't see.

### Hope of Mankind—Official

**I**N the sphere of politics," Mr. Philip Fothergill has told a luncheon of the Belgian Liberal Party,



"Liberalism is the hope of mankind. That is why Liberals must gird themselves with a new confidence and prepare to lead the nations towards original and audacious decisions." He had in mind, no doubt, the solidity shown in the division lobbies after the

Commons debate on television, when all four Liberal members voted audaciously, two for and two against the Government's proposals.

### Impatience

**O**NE report about the New York dock strike which dropped out of the news after a promising start dealt with the £89,000 cargo of Roquefort



cheese which crossed the Atlantic three times because there was no one to unload it. It is thought that it finally went ashore under its own power.

### Spare a Copper

**R**EADERS of the *Manchester Guardian* have been baring their budgets bravely in its pages, trying to discover where the money goes and what hard-won economics can be effected without too seriously upsetting the middle-class way of life. Some of the incomes exposed are pitifully small, and considering how perilously most people seem to be scraping along it is surprising that none of them, so far, has recognized the recklessness of reading a threepenny newspaper when there are so many at three-halfpence.

### Vox Populi

**T**HE featherbedding of newspaper readers took another forward lurch last Thursday when the *Daily Mirror* enlivened its front page with a coupon to be marked with a tick, cut out and returned whence it came. A picture of a tick was drawn to show what was required, and a picture of two pairs of

scissors superimposed on the dotted line to help anyone puzzled about the cutting out. With all this assistance most of the *Mirror's* 4,607,516 readers should have been able to submit their views, as requested, on what Churchill, Eisenhower and Malenkov ought to do about the hydrogen bomb.

### For Screening, Please

**M**R. ARTHUR WATKYN, secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, is the author of a story at present being filmed at a British studio. Members of the Board were very understanding when they heard about it. They said they wouldn't put it past him.

## Cash as Cash Can

**I**N an Admiralty news release of March 31 facilities were offered to yachtsmen wishing to see *Britannia* arrive in the Thames next month, and the following morning's personal column of *The Times* carried the first of what will doubtless be many patriotic responses. "Her Majesty's Return, May 14. Private motor yacht sailing Solent can accommodate 5 guests. 25 gns."

## Oracle

**A**SKED whether Marshal Juin's dismissal from his Government posts would mean his resignation as Allied Commander-in-Chief, Central Europe, a Quai d'Orsay spokesman replied: "The question arises whether he will remain there or not." This shows that the French are second to none when it comes to spokespersonship.



*"And if the Rent Tribunal won't help, there's always the Abbé Pierre."*

## YOUR MONEY AND MINE

**YOUR MO**

**B**EFORE I open my newspaper this fine spring morning I can predict with confidence what it will contain. I am not referring to the details of the Chancellor's Budget statement, with which, of course, we are all by now thoroughly familiar, delighted or disgusted (according to taste), but to the manner in which clever journalists will try to acquaint me with the latest moves in my financial career.

Financial journalism has made startling progress in recent years. The "City Column" is no longer a dull sectarian affair printed in minute type and relegated to some dark corner that harbours, *inter alia*, such items as "Movements of Liners": no, it is now one of a newspaper's brightest features, written in crisp, "personalized" and picturesque language, often decorated with comical thumb-nail sketches and appealing not to stuffy City gentlemen but to You.

"YOUR PRICES" (*Daily Express*)

"MONEY TALKS FOR EVERYONE"  
(News Chronicle)

I read these columns every day—they are so well written—and through constant practice I have now convinced myself that the city editor's "you" means me, that I am vitally interested in "Gilt-edged," "Jap Bonds," "Kaffirs" and the rest. We live in an age of egalitarian conformity and public ownership and it is clear that the newspapers expect me to identify myself with the common capitalist or (at the very least) the "small investor." Well, I do my best. I read their columns with interest and follow the daily fluctuations of Rho Kat, Stilftn, W. Drie, Geoff, Casts and others with bated breath. It must be even more exciting if one actually *owns* investments.

In to-day's papers the financial journalists will spread themselves. They will offer vast but simplified charts showing me how much of this or that tax I shall pay if I am blessed with a wife, one, two or three children, or celibacy. They will tell me (for I am still their "you") exactly how much spendable income I shall have left when this and that tax has been deducted from my gross income.

Now all this is very useful. Much innocent pleasure can be derived from

these tables. At a glance I can see how much better off I should be if I managed to earn an extra thousand or so a year, and I can fool myself that I am only prevented from earning another five thousand (say) a year by the disincentive effect of a swingeing rate of surtax. At a glance I can see how much more tax I should have to pay if I pushed my wife and children under a bus, how much less tax I should cough up if I were quiverfully inclined.

But the tables are never very imaginative. Their "you" is a fellow earning or unearning a nice round income and having a nice round family of one, two or three perfectly normal children. The people I am interested in are never mentioned. Smith, for instance. There is no column that tells me how a man earning £827 p.a., with three children (two at Charterborough), a well-advertised overdraft of £1,500, and persistent trouble with bookmakers, manages to run to a Hillbeam 80, a "nanny," a taste for gin, and an annual holiday on the Continent. Or Brown. I should like to know how a retired business man with an *unearned* income of £2,250 manages to get away with an expense account of £750.

More particularly I should welcome the mathematical assistance of the financial journalists in working out my own complicated position. If they can master the intricacies of surtax they should surely be able to help me with the details of my mortgage payments, my Post Office savings account interest, my sliding-scale subscriptions to the cricket club, my tailor, my pools.

I am not grumbling. As I have said, I am grateful to the new school of financial journalists. I want them to go on addressing me as "you." But I do think that at a time like this they could do a little more for the *real* me, or the real "you." **BERNARD HOLLOWOOD**

## Prometheus Unbounded

**F**IRE, filched from Pagan Heaven.  
did well  
Till Christians thrust it down to Hell:  
But men of science knew its worth  
And brought both Heaven and Hell to  
Earth. PATRIC DICKINSON



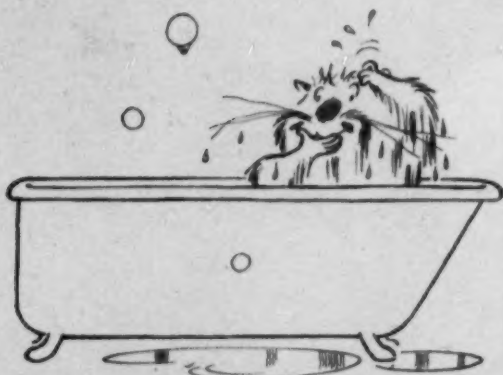
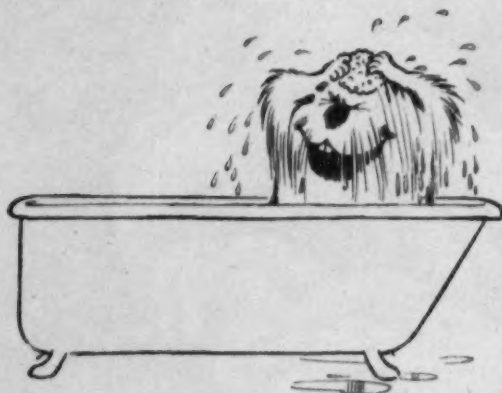


# Critic in the Spring-time

By STEPHEN SPENDER

## PROLOGUE

"HAIL *Sagittarius*, Muse—of *Critic's* world!"  
 Her I salute, where, with great lead wings furred,  
 She stands. Behind her, ten distorting bows  
 And twice as many of her blunted arrows.  
 In her rapt eyes I see revolve that dream,  
 "Britain is always wrong," which is her theme.  
 Strapping, and strapped in ideologic boots,  
 She always misses, but she always shoots.



Week after week, weak rhymes dart from her pen,  
*Dynamite* of *New Statesman* stateswomen.

O *Sagittarius*, aid me now! I sing  
 That day when *Critic* "notices" the Spring.  
 Of all Black Fridays in Great Turnstile's year  
 This, this, ah, this, is far the worst to bear.

One shrub has thrust out of steel buds that harden  
 In the perennial Winter of his garden,  
 Two petals! *London Diary* readers know  
 The Ineluctable fated to follow.

A morose joy will soon suffuse his "column":  
 In *Critic* gay, we recognize—the Solemn.  
 His pen—remorseless Tragedy's machine—  
 Will sketch him Hero on his village green.  
 Now Five dread Acts of freezing levity  
 Will purge the reader, with Terror and Pity.

## ACT ONE

THE CURTAIN—like him—Rises. Up, with dawn!  
 His typographic toes impress his lawn,  
 His pen he loads for Action: interview  
 With *Park*, his gardener, in the printless dew.

SUN, behold *Park*, who now unshaved, appears.  
 Which are his ribs? Which is his rake? What years  
 Heaped such white havoc? Nothing, but the toil  
 Of vainly raking *Critic's* fruitless soil.

CRITIC: "Good *Park*, see your replies are true  
 "To this examination set for you.

"Hide nothing! Have you ever known a year  
 "Windier than this? To print the Truth, we dare!  
 "Tell me the worst! That's what I'm used to hear!"

Less with his voice, than with his chattering bones,  
 The Ancient croaks above *Critic's* bass groans:

"It stand to reason, zur, since old Windmill  
 "Were done away with, Wind can work his will  
 "Wi' nowt to stop him where they tore a hole.  
 "Wi'out Windmill, Wind gets out o' control."

"Thank you, Good *Park*. It weighed upon my mind  
 "—That Weathercock, veered by each toughest Wind."

They talk of tempests. Syllables from *Park*  
*Critic* takes down. He notes well! Each remark



(He knows) through *London Diary's* gloom will spark  
Against that foil of uncontrasting dark.  
For, there, all's one "Pea Souper," and the slow  
Ideas, like cars through fog-bound traffic go,  
Where asterisks their Belisha Beacons show.

\* \* \*  
Poor *Park!* Fool to this *Lear*, playing Prelude  
To *Horror* which now breaks loose, wild and crude.  
Reader, prepare for scenes of Turpitude.

\* \* \*  
ACT TWO: SCENE, *Critic in the Village Pub.*  
(If even in London, in the S\*\*\*\*e Club,  
His gorgon powers of turning men to stone  
Through nothing but embarrassment, are known,  
What chance have Essex yokels? Answer—None.  
—Stalagmites, petrified amidst their fun!  
*This ACT's too realistic to be done.*)

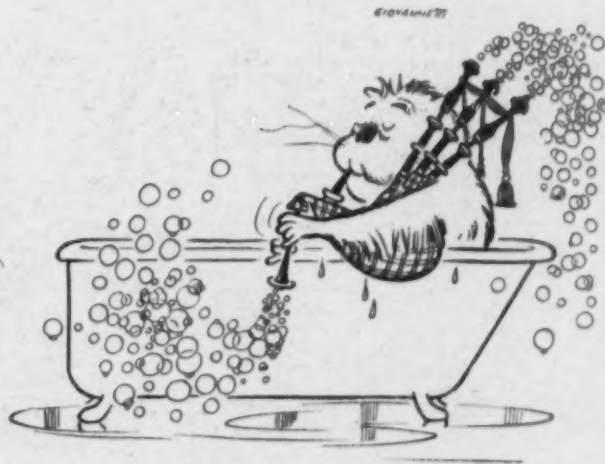
ACT THREE  
Oh, better to be petrified, than be  
Reincarnated to live through ACT THREE.  
These, part-lapidified, he now revives  
To face that devilish game on which he thrives,  
Horror's worst horror. Reader—you know—he  
Has grim work still to do: *Shove-Halfpenny!*  
See yon rough yokel drag the reluctant coin  
Out of his pocket (clutched against his groin)  
And yield it to the board. Triumphantly,  
*Critic* swoops down, all his ten thumbs afly.  
Halfpennies, from ten directions, strike the floor.  
*Critic* collects them, counts: "One! Two! Three! Four!"  
Then bangs the board and roars amain: "More! More!"

ACT FOUR  
(*Critic*, off-stage. As Bradley points out in  
*Shakespearean Tragedy*, often throughout Fourth  
Acts heroes are conspicuous for their absence.)

He's gone! Defrosted spirits thaw and rise  
Like mercury in thermometric eyes.  
The liquor which his gaze had disintoxicated  
Now re-ferments, and flickers flame, elated.  
Out of his barrel-top, poor "repressed" Beer's  
Humpty-Dumpty-bright frothed head appears.

So, *Critic* gone, everyone has one on  
Everyone, and everyone's thoughts run on  
Him what's just left, phenomenon from Lunnon.  
"What was HE like?"—"Like No-one no-one know."  
"The body, an agnostic preaching scarecrow."  
"The hair, where some sad jackdaw built her nest."  
"Poor soul! His laugh alone made me depressed."  
"Sure, he's some *Hamlet* of the village scene  
"Arts Council sent here. We shall blush unseen."  
"I know," a sweet voice thrills, "'tis some great lord,  
"A Royal Duke at least." "I'll wage my word  
"That through yon veins flows aristocratic blood.  
"He visits Essex when it suits his mood.  
"He has such whims. He is some great Eccentric."  
Thus Legend weaves its wondrous web round *Critic*.

ACT FIVE  
But where is he? Transfigured Night has drawn  
Curtains across that frightful stage, his lawn.  
Oh, hush! *Park's* potting shed the place is  
Where *Critic* is encircled by Three Graces—  
*Dorothy, Doreen, Sagittarius*,  
Immense, intense, and, like Himself, so serious.  
See *Sagittarius!* She's trying to fix  
Her sharpened yet unsharpened twisted sticks,  
Pointed, and pointless, like their politics.  
O *Sagittarius*, ever pointing higher,  
Sometimes thy arrows, like pianoforte wire,  
Fall back, entangling her who is their firer.  
Yet well she loves this life of paradox!  
A far, far, better thing than darning socks.  
She wears the trousers, and his snooks she cocks!  
See *Dorothy and Doreen!* Both are dressed  
In anyone else's worst, which is their best.  
Their smiles beam Eastwards, and their sneers go West.  
Two zips enseat them, one front, one behind,  
Their foreheads' frown zips up their single mind.  
Not monsoon rainier, nor typhoon windier,  
Than this their *Dirge*, "SET WET" to reach till *India*:  
"Dance hand in hand round *Critic* all night long  
"And sing that *Critic* never never never never can  
do wrong!"





# Which Way for Swan-Upping?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

LET me make it clear from the start: I am in no way connected with Sir Alexander Maxwell and his British Travel and Holidays Association, though I must admit to a small financial interest in the government which supports them. They may offer me a job later, on the strength of this article, but somehow I don't think so.

No, it simply struck me that Americans who come to Britain this year, wooed by the Association's colourful enticements in American magazines, are entitled to know, before they pave our quaint old twisty streets with lovely dollars, what they're in for; or at any rate to get a clearer picture than they might from the advertisements of the British Travel and Holidays Association.

It is as an independent and self-appointed interpreter, therefore, that I direct their attention to a page of beautiful pictures in a recent *Harper's*. The fact that the page is headed "No interpreter needed in Britain—the friendliest, most fascinating of all vacation lands," doesn't deter me for a

moment. That's just glib advertising talk.

Copy-writers, as is well known, have to get their main point over, and get it over good. And when your available letterpress is parcelled out in four-line picture captions you can't mess about with a lot of conditional clauses merely in the interests of veracity. Take, for instance, this portrait of a man in a scarlet coat, black jockey-cap and Defence Medal, with a crown embroidered on his chest and a stretch of water, in soft-focus, bringing up the rear. "Ever been greeted by a Royal Waterman of the Queen?" asks the legend beneath. "You will on the banks of the Thames..."

Our American guests are in danger, I feel, of being misled here. Those of them likely to be greeted by a Royal Waterman of the Queen could be counted, if you ask me, on the fingers of one thumb. Speaking personally, I've haunted the banks of the Thames for years, off and on, and never had this enjoyable experience yet. In fact, the only person for some time who has greeted me on the banks of the Thames

was a sea-scout in difficulties with a dinghy under the stern of H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum*. He kept getting a small hawser across his chest, and I had been watching him from the parapet for about ten minutes when he looked up and greeted me.

The caption about the Waterman goes off at something of a tangent for its next couple of lines. (There's only one thing worse for an ad. man than too little space, and that's too much.) "From the gates of Buckingham Palace to the Mountains of Mourne," it continues, "the accent is on warm friendliness." Well, I imagine that no visitor would be gullible enough to test this assertion throughout the entire suggested itinerary; but some might be tempted to try it at the point of departure. It is fair to warn them, I feel, that as far as the Buckingham Palace sentries are concerned, warm friendliness is not a regulation issue. On the contrary, they tend to receive overtures with coolness, and think nothing of giving an agreed signal to a nearby cop, who will have you halfway down Birdcage Walk before you can say "Kindly direct me to Edinburgh Castle, where kilted Scotsmen will usher me through the gate and point out the breath-taking view."

Let us now consider this nice picture of Salisbury. A dozen children, in expensive pastel shades, are dancing ring o' roses on the greenest lawn since you looked through your 3D spectacles with one eye closed. "This happy breed . . . this little world . . . this England," begins the caption, recklessly clipping forty-one words out of the quotation in order to use eight. "Here's a pink-checked welcome for you in Salisbury, and your little hosts will lead you to their great cathedral."

Well, now. I don't want to be unfair to Sir Alexander and his Association. It's just possible they have some arrangement with these kids and the Dean and Chapter—some sort of percentage basis, perhaps, involving offertory boxes, restoration funds and the like—but I've no means of knowing about that. And my advice to America would be, don't rely absolutely on these Salisbury children. Not, I suppose, that you would need to. I know that some of Britain's shrines are tucked





"How much is this one?"

away rather bafflingly, but a really determined pilgrim, once he fetches up in a cathedral town, usually manages to find the cathedral by himself. If he doesn't, and applies for guidance to the nearest gathering of children dancing ring o' roses, all he's likely to get is a shrill demand for bubble-gum. It is just possible, of course, that they may seize his great hand in their tiny ones and romp away with him through the ancient cobbled byways, but only to end up at quite another house of worship, where they will clamour for him to sponsor their admission to an "A"-certificate film. All in all, I'd give the pink-cheeked welcome a pretty wide berth.

In the same way, I shouldn't want any American friend of mine to come thousands of miles in the expectation of holding a conversation with fish. "Close by is lovely Lough Erne," says the

letterpress accompanying a picture of an Irish church, showing what may be either cows or tombstones in the left foreground—"with the finest trout you've ever met. Even the fish speak your language!" Yes, a pinch of salt there, I fancy. And another when you get to Wales, where "the native hospitality is as traditional as the native costume." The illustration features two natives, mother and child, in native costume, pointing out Carreg Cennan Castle to each other. Visitors should not expect to find the Welsh dressed like this to a man. Many of them prefer the native gabardine raincoat and snap-brim, and if you asked them to slip home and get into something more traditional they would quickly be on the telephone to Evans the Asylum.

Lastly—and talking of castles—I would like to allay any American fears on the subject of haunting. I see that

one of Sir Alexander's men writes of Stirling that its crumbled walls "still echo the battle cry of Wallace's men," and mentions other "gloomy, frowning castles with battlements haunted by the ghosts of murdered kings." I shouldn't take that too seriously, if I were you. My own theory, whenever I hear screams in one of our ancient monuments, is that they emanate from a dead guide-book writer, or kindred operative, serving out eternity at the scene of the crime.

"Captain Christiansson added: 'I had never seen anything like it... It was metallic white and left no vapour trail as it swept by just above the clouds. Visibility was excellent. We had the setting sun to the right of us as we flew northward, and the saucer, or whatever you like to call it...'"—*Glasgow Herald*  
Sorry, we've lost faith in you now.



"Oh, yes—and there's a Mr. Prendergast from Emphyrean Aircraft waiting outside."



# The Changeling

By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL



WALFORD FLUSHINGTON was the last to recognize that Lady Lavinia, his mother, for all her ailing widowhood and gentleness of manner, possessed the constitution of a Toledo bull and the heart of an octopus. But when at last he did so in his twenty-fifth year, he left the house in Curzon Street and the broad acres of Flushing Folly and purchased Mumbles, a large farmhouse in the Surrey hills not far from Didsbury St. Mary.

Mumbles was described by the estate agent as "suitable for conversion"; it lacked all essential services. The lighting was Victorian, the heating Georgian and the plumbing Tudor. To the disgust of the local contractors, Walford pronounced it exactly to his liking. They could not even write his conduct down to poverty or parsimony; for his establishment of gardeners and domestic helpers was by modern standards profligate. "They save tractors and vacuum cleaners," he explained to visitors.

Installed at Mumbles, Walford announced that he would give himself over to the literary life. A work, it was understood, was in progress; but his library was a sanctum into which no one was allowed to enter. The precise nature of the opus was secret, and speculation ran riot among his old associates, of whom some contended that he would at last give the world a work as laborious and lapidary as *The Anatomy of Melancholy* or *Urn Burial*, while others favoured the theory that, like Payne Knight, he would produce something scholarly, distinguished and slightly prurient. A literary member of White's even tried to make a book on the various chances, but failed because he lacked the necessary education for the calculation of odds.

The years passed and life became annually more primitive at Mumbles without the appearance of a single poem or chapbook from the quill of Walford Flushing. It seemed almost as if he had become side-tracked in the bogs of Indore Compost and hand-weaving. More and more-maintained that Walford would never write a word.

When *The Changeling*, or *Edwin and the Elves* appeared at last, some believed that another Walford Flushington had taken to authorship, others that an unsuspected enemy had satirized his literary pretensions by siring on him this mawkish essay in Pixiana. Only Waldo Maltravers maintained that *The Changeling* betrayed a knowledge of Walford's circumstances and weakness that could have been possessed only by a man whose unsuspected enemy was himself. "I shall go to Mumbles and find out," he announced.

The strawberry season was at its height and Mumbles was famous for the succulence of its soft fruit, for which Maltravers cherished a passion bordering on morbidity. That, no doubt, had whetted his intelligence. He came back boastful and triumphant. Not merely did Walford acknowledge this painful child of his brain, said Maltravers, but he was proud of it. It was not intended as an Edwardian fantasy, a footnote to Maurice Maeterlinck. It was Walford's explanation of his own existence. He could not, after years of meditation in Mumbles, accept that he was the child of Lady Lavinia. To account for his simplicity, his love of the primitive, his nearness to the Surrey earth, the only possible explanation was that he was a changeling.

The point of his story, I must explain, was that the elves, seeking to better the elf-child Edwin, had wished him on a lady of title. But when Edwin grew to maturity he discovered the shallowness of the modern world and the vulgarity of ladies of quality and returned to the "little folk" from whom he sprang.

As the strawberries waned and the raspberries waxed, Walford's old friends visited him importunately, and though they found him changed for the worse, the soft fruit was better than ever.

Walford, though only thirty, had developed habits as fixed as those of a man twice his age. Every morning, for example, he took the same walk, which, believe it or not,

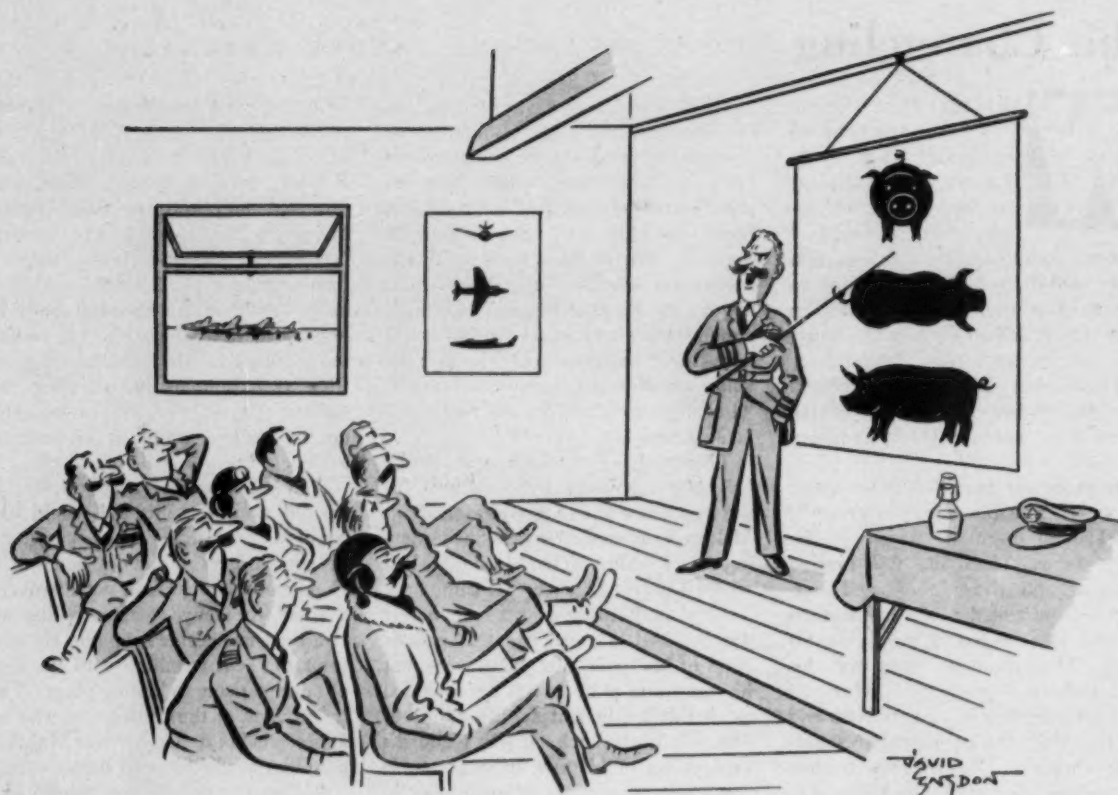
he called his "constitutional," through the village of Didsbury St. Mary, up Hangman's Hill and down the Long Bottom to his home. This walk provided him with a classic pattern on which the seasons, the weather, flowers, beasts and birds rang as many changes as he could wish. In London and at the ancestral Folly his range had been too wide, his feelings too dissipated. He found more joy in what was limited and familiar, the sight of leaves unfolding, a hedgehog on the path, a nuthatch creeping up a tree.

And so, after his abandonment by his old associates, his life would have continued, wearing deeper the ruts of his contentment, if one day half-way up Hangman's Hill he had not discovered a small company of men felling and clearing a site beside his path. He stood for a moment watching with the sense of outrage rising to boiling point. Then he saw one of the contractors who had approached him to make over Mumbles, a builder by the name of Bull.

"What the hell do you think you're doing here, Mr. Bull, spoiling my constitutional?" he shouted.

Mr. Bull explained that he was going to build a house for a gentleman from





London. "A really modern house," he added with some spirit.

"I won't allow it," said Walford Flushington. "It's sacrilege."

"I don't know about that," Mr. Bull answered, "but I got a licence." He turned away and went back to his men with the patience of a craftsman who has dealt with crackpots before but has always had his way in the end.

Walford Flushington had also always had his way in the end, and he stamped his foot on the turf with a childish petulance. "Mr. Bull!" he shouted.

Mr. Bull halted and turned slowly round. "Yes, Mr. Flushington?"

"All I can say is," said Walford, trying to think what was all he could say—"all I can say is, a murrain take you!"

It seemed rather ridiculous to Walford Flushington as he strode off up the hill, oblivious of the foxgloves and the fritillaries. But it was not ridiculous, because Mr. Bull *was* taken by a murrain, one of those very rare cases of a human being dying of foot-and-mouth disease.

The death of Mr. Bull made no difference to the construction of the

house on Hangman's Hill. The fellers felled. The bulldozers bulldozed. And the builders with relentless lack of speed and unmajestic instancy followed after. It had taken years for the granting of the licence, but once granted a licence needs more than a murrain to unfulfil it.

From that time forward Walford Flushington was, as they say "a changed man." The constitutional was abandoned for a daily visit to Mrs. Bull, with whom he laid most careful plans for the future of the baby Bull. Then he summoned an architect and an estate agent to discuss with the former the cost of modernizing Mumbles and with the latter the profit he might decently expect from its sale thereafter.

"I thought," said the agent, "you planned to stay."

"My dear mother," Walford answered, "I feel my place is by her side."

Lady Lavinia, weaned at last of Walford, protested that she had never felt fitter in her life. But her son, with one of those smiles which meant that he knew so much better there was no need for words, arranged the pink room for an indefinite stay.

"I protest," said Lady Lavinia, weakly.

"I admire your courage, darling," answered Walford, patting her hand.

Her courage lasted almost to the end. But on the last day of that brief and enigmatic illness which struck her down and kept her pinned in agony upon her bed, she suddenly sat up and, having driven her son from the room with a stream of invective which it would be unseemly to repeat, she turned upon her doctor and with eyes wild with what might equally well have been pain as fear, she shouted, "Can't you see, you fool, that devil will be the death of me?"

She fell back and, as Walford sidled over to the death-bed, the doctor murmured "Poor dear good lady! the pain unhinged her," and with rare sympathy allowed her son to draw the lids down over her bulging eyeballs.

"Partner, working, 25 to 40, required by established London reception caterer spreading himself too thin due to expansion."

Advertisement in *The Times*  
Ballooning, they call that.

**N**OW, in the middle of the professional Spring Sumo Tournament, a black cluster of bodies attaches itself to every television shop like a gigantic swarm of bees. It has been so for eight days, and will be so for seven more. Television has shown their national sport to millions of Japanese, as it brought the Test matches to millions in Britain and Australia.

The foreigner's idea of Japanese wrestling is something called judo, at which little men discomfort big ones without even troubling to discard their brief-cases and umbrellas. Many Japanese do practise judo. Thousands of earnest young men in cotton trousers and coats every day walk round and round in pairs on a matting floor, grasping each other by the sleeves, and attempting to trip each other up. The higher ranking performers are justly honoured. But sumo is big-time sport.

One way of describing sumo is to say that it is everything judo is not. Judo is defence; sumo is aggression. In judo you pull; in sumo you push. In judo you use the other man's weight; in sumo you use your own. In judo action comes without warning; sumo is five minutes' warning and five seconds' action.

Above all things, judo is for everyone who will learn it. Sumo is for those who have been selected while young and fed up for it until they have grown into giants. A sumotori's idea of a snack is a dozen boxes of noodles and as many bottles of beer.

The contests take place in a sand-filled circle fifteen feet in diameter before a crowd of thousands, who sit, crammed and usually cross-legged, from morning till late afternoon. The referee is a venerable gentleman in robes magnificent enough to satisfy a theatrical costumier's ideas of the Mikado. He wears a hat tied under his chin by a narrow string and carries a fan.

The whole performance strikes Western eyes as too florid to be really serious. A man in what looks like a coolie coat enters the ring, spreads open a white fan as if he is reading from it, and calls out the names of the contestants in a high, wavering song. The two sumotori step up on to the mound, stand in their corners, which are situated adjacent to each other, and, facing the audience, perform an unusual warming-up exercise. They raise their right arms, bring

## Sumo

By JOHN NOTLEY

up their right legs to follow, leaning far over to the left, and then bang their legs down again as if they were trying to stamp holes into the ground. They do the same with the left leg. They then squat down in their corners, drink a little water, blow their noses, and wipe themselves under the armpits. They throw a little salt into the ring, and have then completed the opening ceremonial.

They next face each other across the ring, squat down in a full-knees-bend position with feet apart, clap their hands, and spread their arms. From his position between them the referee watches gravely. They then return to their corners for a little more salt to throw into the ring.

The next time they face each other they repeat their leg-raising and stamping. Then once more they squat and gradually sink forward on to their hands, like a couple of dogs snarling at each other. This may sound strange enough, but what makes the thing grotesque to visitors is that the wrestlers are usually quite deplorably fat men, whose pendulous bellies sag dangerously over their waistbands as they crouch, and whose long, glistening hair is done up in a top-knot.

Their threatening attitude does not end in battle. Not yet. They rise, walk ponderously back to their corners, the pads of flesh over their muscles flopping and winking under the lights, take more salt, throw it nonchalantly into the ring, and return, through the knees-bend position, to their crouch. The referee advances one foot and raises his fan as if he is about to swat a fly which has goaded him into a fury. The whole house tenses with expectation. And then the giants are seen rolling massively away for yet more salt, which is supposed to have a cleansing effect.

There was a time when these preparations could go on indefinitely, and the audience would be exhausted before both combatants felt that the time had come to join grips. Now there is a four-minute limit. When this is up, and the colossi are still lumbering back to their salt-boxes, the crowd breaks into gratified applause. Whether or not the wrestlers feel it propitious, next time

they must fight. And fight they do. As they sink into their crouch, they suddenly fling themselves at each other with a speed amazing in men soundly.

They might come to grips with bodies bent forward, legs astraddle, chins on each other's shoulders, grasping their opponent's waistbands, bunching their muscles for a mighty twist and a heave. Or one might have the other off balance and pushed out of the circle almost before the audience has finished gasping from the effect of the first impact. Occasionally both go to the floor in a heap or sprawl across the line together and a verdict is difficult. Then grave gentlemen in black kimono enter the ring and argue the matter out.

For all the bizarre formality which has come down to it over the years, it is serious business. The rewards are big for the champions. And the champions are the Don Bradmans and Joe di Maggios of their country.

### Feudal Time Had by All

"A baron of beef weighing 196lb. was served at the Mansion House, London, last night, at the livery dinner of the Farmers' Company. The Lord Mayor, Sir Noel Bowater, said that it was the first night since before the war that a baron of beef had been cooked in the Mansion House kitchens. He said that too much could not be done to educate those who work in the city, in industry, mines and factories, on what was involved in the production of their daily bread."—*The Times*



"In the Spring, good viewer, pray,  
Use 'Pimplex' lotion every day.  
Switch on each Tuesday night at eight  
And let your cares evaporate."





**W**HEN for the sixth time the games-mistress comes running round the summer-house, to halt, cry "Girls! Girls!" flaunt distress, and unconcernedly join the band of those she seeks everywhere, it may seem more than a case of end-of-term nerves. Obsession has us all in its grip. Consultations. Awkward interval. Then off again, poor lady—with what high hopes that this time will mend everything—in obedience to her strange compulsion.

The sun shines. Trees dream. In the silence one can hear leaves stirring, and that pad-pad-pad behind the summer-house, coming instantly nearer . . . disquieting, but for the fact that it's Miss Joyce Grenfell, caught in the rut of film-making.

Work wouldn't be going smoothly without this occupational stutter which to an outsider gives every film work in progress its resemblance to a page by Gertrude Stein.

What makes it more oddly, frantically appealing is that the moment so suspended, going round and round for ever, is—was, or will be—a particle of fun from St. Trinian's. Most of us know St. Trinian's already, and that's why it's being filmed. The joke that exploded in the fiendish 'forties, imprinting on the mind its sudden lethal shadows, has proved radio-active. Those girls annihilated us, and went. Regulation blue seemed a little less black. When we had still to jump off the pavement to let a trio of them pass we felt only

a twinge of old nightmare and returned to the comforts of Sophie Tuckshop, Bessie Bunter, and Mr. Arthur Marshall's dispatches from the cocoa front. It is said that Searle himself, slyly responsible for the whole thing, slammed the door on St. Trinian's before taking new steps into seriousness and Rum. All over . . . But here, gym-suited, arms and legs flying, with the appeal "Call me sausage" never far absent, comes Miss Grenfell again.

This time success welcomes her. She is given a short break before some new punishment ("Stand by the goal-post and say fifteen times 'I won't nark it'") descends on her. I have been well primed with synopsis, notes on the cast, and even a St. Trinian's Magazine hazy from the press, so that when we snatch a few words I know I am addressing a policewoman disguised as a games-mistress.

Miss Grenfell is an aspiration, an educational system in herself, but belonging to the Marshall rather than the Searle School. However, when the screen sets out to net a joke it hauls in all sorts of neighbouring jokes, big and small. Here, besides funny policewomen, will be found the funny Civil Servant; his rôle in films is to take over leaky or haunted mansions, billet boys' schools on girls', and go native in wild surroundings. Within this very summer-house—a grimly Gothic affair—which has been Miss Grenfell's mulberry bush, live two of them; they came down investigating; soon they will be joined by a third.

Then as the headmistress there's that ruby among comedians, who could induce a soft plausibility anywhere, Mr. Alastair Sim. He is far from being—it's impressed on me—the pantomime dame. Changes of sex are in the air and the stills hold a promise of baroque splendour, over which, when a reiteration of events grows tedious, I may ponder. Yet however strict may be Mr. Sim's performance, it must be added to those auxiliary jokes mentioned. He's not here in person. They finished shooting him on Monday.

Not the girls—no, *not* the girls, though there was a time when they would have romped to it. Do you remember "Girls, girls, a little less noise, please" as the machine-gun stuttered into the cloister and a shocked headmistress, not Mr. Sim, popped her head out? And that same figure—I think it was the same—dangling limp from a tree while with delighted gurgles her four assassins below nod to one another, "O.K.—now for old Stinks"? That marked, I think, the end of St. Trinian's. They had smoked during prayers, burnt down the east wing, roasted an ox, drawn the cork from the gin bottle: they could do no more.

Except, of course, with an oath, go on the films. But having got there, what a transformation awaits them! High heels, black silk stockings, protuberant yellow sweaters, tights, hair lights, eye shadow, all for the match against St. Helen's—and perhaps a little for you and me.

"No," says the director thoughtfully,



when with a startled appreciation of this hockey eleven I have inquired about broken limbs, "no murder. But"—and he brightens a little—"one of our sixth-formers is married."

This atrocity seems to unite everything, the unreal summer-house, the sunlit lawn with its groupings of rubber-booted mechanics and made-up faces, the moorhens skipping over lily pads (and having nothing to do with it), the old red-brick manor in the distance over-awed by concrete sheds and offices. And surely the Sixth Form, with their marl and cream complexions, must that very morning have burst into front-page adolescence.

True, in the Fourth Form, perched about a trolley of some sort, there are wrinkled stockings, manes of hair, waggled branches, and here and there a wild odd look that may promise to threaten east wings. A matronly lady

knits over them, and as little film actresses expecting two or three pounds a day they earn it kicking their heels.

Miss Grenfell and some of the big ones move up for action. An arc-light blanches the sunlit faces. The camera peers, and sound leans a long arm over. There are rehearsals, more rehearsals, takes. It's like charades. A little man darts forward to powder Miss Grenfell's nose. Hush, comes the word. Our conversations are reduced to whispers and we go—go finally—on tiptoe.

It has been odd and fascinating and irksome, and I'm sure that what comes of it will be fun, because Mr. Frank Launder, the sad man in the overcoat chiefly responsible, has already brought off that gallivant you probably remember, *The Happiest Days of Your Life*.

Our car has to be back in Piccadilly at five; it's not ours, but a large stranger

that knows the way blindfold and will be saluted by the gate-man as we turn out of what looks like an Atomic Research station. Under Constabulary skies we take the flat, flat road. A bicyclist ducks, hoping to see stars. My thoughts are wrapped in the new St. Trinian's. Is it hockey? Does it Searle? Will scholasticism still shake its head over the reflection that girls, at St. Trinian's anyway, will be ghouls?

G. W. STONIER



# The Call of the Wild

By MARSHALL PUGH

**L**ONG before the first sounds of spring, the Call of the Wild is heard in the suburbs. I speak with authority. A daily newspaper asked me to write weekly articles on cycling and climbing, on canoeing and caving, on camping and caravanning. "In fact, any sort of hairy knee gimmick," an executive of the newspaper explained. That part of my work ended when a new editor said "There are too many flipping tent pegs in this paper."

In the years between, February, March and April were the cruellest months. Home County ramblers, impatient to march the main London to Brighton road with their nylon ropes, pitons and triconi nails, wrote then for

advice on sleeping bags. Routes down Wookey Hole were required by students of caving. A specimen letter for the month of March begins: "Our eldest lad put our tent away wet. It is covered in mildew. Have you any suggestions?"

Those who love the countryside are stirring. To recognize them, in their individuality, is to understand.

The Wimbledon Scot may be detected by her accent and her muscular development. Through the winter she indulges in early morning exercise, then runs off to a salt porridge breakfast, laughing like a weightlifter, slamming doors. As spring grows near she deserts table-rapping parties to practise Scottish dancing. She practises Scottish vowel sounds, always. The old accent was lost in her grandfather's time, like

some MacIain lament. Until spring, she beholds the Hebrides in the shadow of her kidney-shaped dressing table. Her favourite play is *Mary Rose*. I shared a boat on Loch Scavaig with a Wimbledon Scot last spring. As the island of Rum climbed through the mist she said "Doesn't Mull look really lovely?"

The camping committee man is normally identified by his knowledge of the Town and Country Planning Act and County Development Plans. He tends to be small and wiry, pale beneath his tan. He became a camper only when he married. Many of his type cling wistfully to the Bavarian leather shorts which remind them of their yodelling youth. The anxiety of authority sits as naturally on them as it might on a Middle West schoolmaster in charge of really rugged Boy Scouts of America at a cissy European Jamboree.

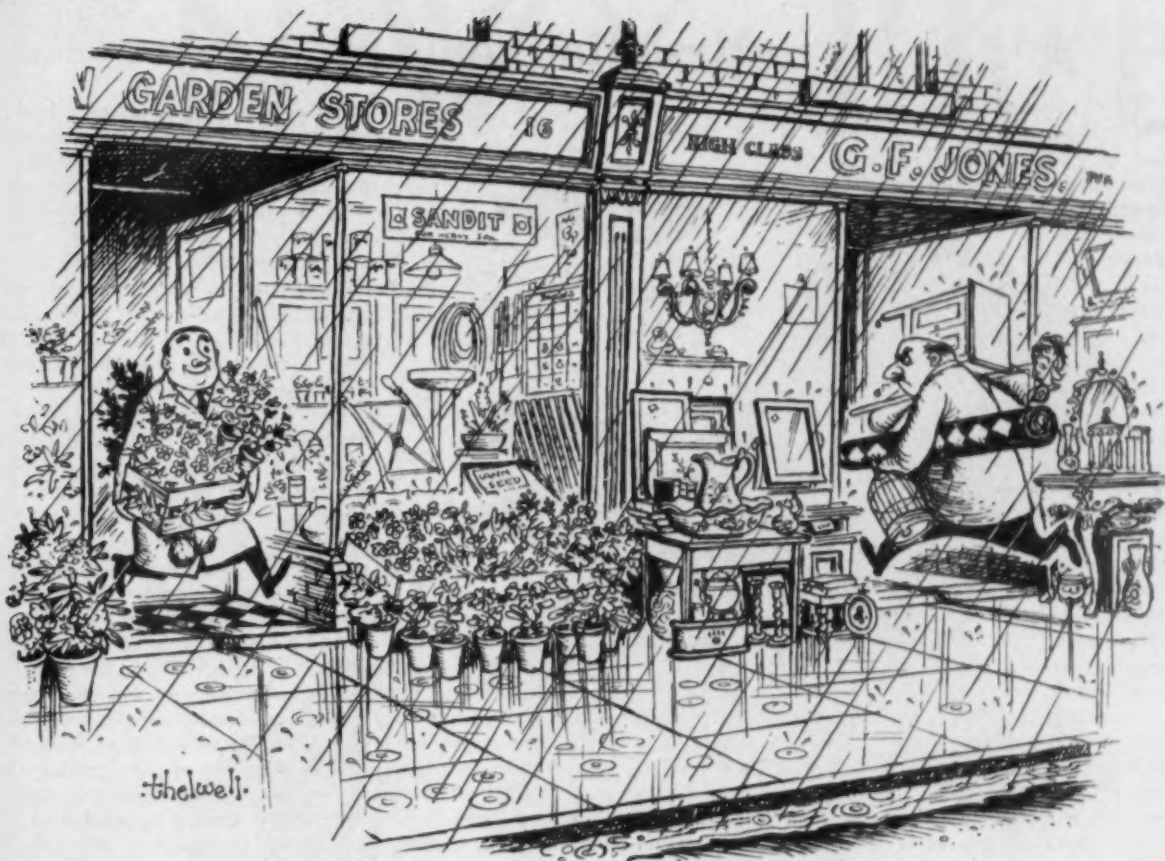
Within thirty miles of London the keenest camper has difficulty in finding space to pitch anything larger than a pocket handkerchief. The camping committee man rises to that emergency, finds a camping site and frames the rules which should preserve it. These rules resist squatting and are intended to placate farmers and planners alike. Linoleum flooring will not be tolerated. Zinc buckets in place of canvas water carriers, deck chairs instead of camp stools, clothes pegs as tent pegs—all of these are banned. The practice of rustic-fencing and vegetable-growing on permanent camp sites is to be ruthlessly suppressed.

The camping committee man is always deeply involved in tent-peg politics. One was unofficially open air diplomatic correspondent for my newspaper. He worked by night as a relief telephone operator. My telephone rang regularly between midnight and three. He gave us a world scoop at one a.m., when the Youth Camping Association broke away from its parent body. The committee man may also be spotted by his deep interest in new camping techniques. My leg man rang one midnight. "Something hot," he said, whispering into his mouthpiece, "a new way of keeping the draught off an oil stove, by using an old biscuit tin . . ."

"Hold it," I said quickly, "let me get a pencil."







Bitterness betrays the preserver of peaceful pastures. He is embittered by Blind Authority which refuses to remove every electric pylon from North Wales, embittered by the building of satellite towns, embittered by tourists who litter his stretch of the country. He loves the old English hardwood trees and hates the Forestry Commission acres of softwood. You will find him standing by his 1939 car glaring up a fire lane among fir trees, muttering "Coniferous slum!"

The rock climber, or mountain goat, is usually suitably bearded. The beard is sometimes badly weeded and the eyes closely placed. He wears a length of rope for a belt. After two very severes on Ben Balderdash, he may affect a curved pipe and a week-long silence. He has become a mystic, you see. In youth hostels, after his climb, the mystic leads the chorus of bawdy songs while the youth hostel warden is away making cocoa.

The organized cyclist is equally obvious with his soccer player's haircut

and handlebar stoop. He will talk of the places he has visited. The A.B.C. train timetable alone can rival his knowledge of Britain. He lives for the week-end sprint to Holyhead, with an unrestricted view of the high cycling saddle in front of him, all the way. Avoid politics and road safety in conversation with the organized cyclist. Eleven million cyclists would rise with him if any Government ever interfered with their right to ride country roads in the formation of gun-shy grouse. One day they will bring the Tour de France to Britain. We have still no equivalent race. The organized cyclist considers that France is the most civilized country in the world.

These country lovers are stirring. The athlete of the atlas is already up. Travel bureaux are busily ignoring letters which begin by quoting the Golden Road to Samarkand and end by asking if it is really true that razor blades are worth their weight in *dinar* in Llubjana.

The athletes are predominantly

female. They want to wander the world as adventuresses, in the very nicest meaning of the word. No one could fail to detect them, in their eager youth and lust for life. Consider, as an example, the plump jolly typist who still writes for my advice. She tried, in turn, Estonian Folk Dancing, modelling in clay and acting in the Leighton Buzzard revival of *A Phoenix Too Frequent* as an outlet. Her imagination was stirred when an independent syndicate of athletes set off in a yacht for the South Seas from Appledore. The leader of the syndicate wrote me a pitiful letter from an island in the Caribbean. He said that most of his syndicate did not like the rough water and had deserted. I am still considering what advice to give.

The jolly typist now intends to travel overland. Her last letter begins: "Can you suggest a short route to Sinkiang for a girl, shorthand speed 120, intelligent and willing to work? Please don't suggest the Soviet Embassy again." I hold that letter in my hand. Quite suddenly it's spring.

## MODERN TYPES

## Mrs. McGhoul

By GEOFFREY CORER

SOME curious instinct appears to lead Mrs. McGhoul to any house in the neighbourhood where illness has suddenly struck, so that she can offer her services and advice at the earliest possible moment. She is persistent in her desire to help; if, for one reason or another, she cannot get access to the actual sufferer, she will at least have a most detailed and informative discussion of the symptoms with the next of kin, offer her own diagnosis, which is often more serious and nearly always more technical than that given by the doctor, and leave the anxious relative with some comforting word based on her vast experience.

"I shouldn't worry yet," she will say, "I've known of several cases which recovered"; or "There doesn't seem any reason why there should be a lasting disfigurement"; or "They say this new American drug is wonderful in such cases, but I don't suppose you'll be able to get any"; or "I think doctors are quite right not to say when a case is hopeless"; or "To my mind, the most dangerous time is when the fever drops, not while it's high."

Mrs. McGhoul has never had any professional medical or nursing experience. Almost the greatest disappointment of her life was the refusal of the Authorities to allow her to work even as a voluntary nurse in the second World War, because of some stupid regulation about age; during the first World War she had lost her opportunity through having to look after her ailing parents. This duty prevented her early marriage to Mr. McGhoul, to whom she had been engaged in 1914; by the end of the war, when she was free to marry, McGhoul was a physical wreck; she had only a few years of nursing an invalid husband before she was left a permanent widow.

When she was a little girl she was very fond of playing with her dolls; unlike other little girls of her acquaintance she did not throw her dolls away when they got chipped or broken; rather, she played with these with especial zest. When she first learned to read she got little pleasure from this new accomplishment; but one day she discovered a "medical encyclopædia" secreted by her nurse, which she read with avidity whenever a



safe occasion offered. It fired her imagination.

Unlike most clandestine readers of such reference books, she did not seek to discover in herself symptoms of the dread conditions therein described; but she would scan most anxiously everybody with whom she came into even momentary contact and think to discover signs of the most appalling diseases in her acquaintances—leprosy or lupus or galloping consumption. When she voiced her childish diagnosis she was soundly punished for "morbidity," and the book which had enlightened her was discovered and destroyed. As far as lay in her parents' and teachers' power, illness was treated as something nearly as shameful as sex, and was only referred to in hushed circalocutions. Her reading and education were carefully controlled to be as "healthy" as possible; her request to be allowed to train as a doctor, or even as a nurse, was treated as though she had said she wished to become a professional courtesan.

Apart from embittering her earlier years these precautions had no lasting value. One after another, her nearest and dearest succumbed to prolonged, complicated and obscure diseases; Mrs. McGhoul nursed them with serene devotion, sometimes single-handed, sometimes the just tolerated assistant of professional nurses, from whom she elicited a great deal of professional

gossip and the loan of technical books and journals. By the time she had buried Mr. McGhoul there was little she did not know about the different ways in which the human body could fail in its essential functions. The conventional period of mourning over, she was ready to place her knowledge and skill at the service of any neighbours, acquaintances, or (had she the luck to hear of them) strangers whose health was impaired.

Mrs. McGhoul has never had very much interest in people, apart from their symptoms; and it is doubtful whether she notices that, though she has created a wide circle of acquaintances, she has no friends. She knows—only too well—that some people are squeamish; but once the most superficial commonplaces have been exchanged, there are no subjects on which she can happily converse except disease or death. These she finds of inexhaustible interest; and she has a number of pleasing anecdotes of "sad cases," of doctors failing to make the correct diagnosis, of nurses giving the wrong treatment, of agonizing deathbeds and miscarried operations which will enliven any gathering. She believes in calling a spade a spade, and a cancer a cancer; no euphemisms survive long in her hearing.

There are few households now who have domestic servants to bar unwanted visitors at the front door, and few people are brave enough to refuse Mrs. McGhoul admittance when she comes to proffer her advice and services. Moreover she does make herself most useful to the invalid and the under-staffed family; and surely it is no doing of hers that so many of the cases she helps nurse develop such peculiar complications. She is a good soul, people aver, though it cannot be denied that she is irritating; perhaps the most irritating thing about her is that she enjoys perfect health.

"Five-foot-nothing, a mere six stone, freckled and red-headed, there is nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from any other schoolboy of his own age except, perhaps, for a chest expansion approaching 35 in."—*News of the World*

As if that weren't enough.

PUNCH

★ Apr. 7, 1954

THE

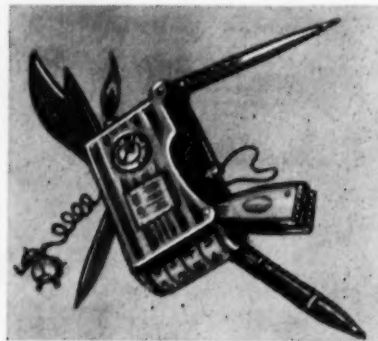
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**GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN**

**A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR  
FOR BODY AND SOUL**

**NITE LIFE**

(No jiving, unless noted)

**BARBECUE ROYAL, MANHATTAN.**—Carefree co-educational atmosphere, superb sea-food, tolerable floor show. Mondays through Fridays: Eddie Shapiro Jun. and shapely assistant entrance cocktail hour with song and dance faintly à la Rogers-Astaire. Also Cliff Honeton and his bluest of tenor saxophones. Closed Saturdays, Sundays and air raid warnings.

**EXISTENTIALIST, Fifth Ave. at 8th St.:** Almost the last of the class-conscious literary hideaways. Sometimes over-raucous but always esoteric and grammatical. Nell Jackson flourishes her mammalian wit in salty ditty, and Eve Pirado, Chester "Crew-cut" Schitzenhammer and Bawd Neilson successfully ape their inferiors as trippers of the light fantastic. Deep shelter.

**LARGE AND VULGAR**

(Dancing compulsory)

**RIO RIO, 49 W. 205th St.:** Reliable old hole in the wall, beer-garden attachment. Right now "Choo" Lee is taking it off and putting it on in her inimitable endearing fashion. Otherwise not too memorable. Shelter.

**ASKWITH, Central Park:** Solid sensible jazz at all hours. Informal, intimate, in tune. The food is un-American. Five powder rooms. No shelter.

**MOSTLY FOR FOOD**

**BILLY BOY'S, East River:** Acres of home-cooking, country-style. Domestic wines, naive and sophisticated.

**MOTEL, Burgin County:** Just like Mom's only better. Surrey chicken, Lancashire hot-pot, Cornish pasties, Pontefract cake—all authentic and de-lishus! Rumba band.

**ART'S SAKE**

**VILLAGE ACADEMY, 44 W. 10th St.:** Newer abstractions by the Guggenheimer Group. More than 100 canvases. Complete change of program daily.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART:** "The Quintessence of Nothingness," eighty-one large oils by Horace W. Chippolati.

**"81 SOCIETY," Algonquin annex:** A History of Strip Cartoon. Mondays through Fridays.

**SPORTS**

**YANKEE STADIUM:** Bearcats vs. Redsox (twinit doubleheader).

**EDBETS FIELD:** Redsox vs. Bearcats (trinit tripleheader).

**POLO GROUNDS:** Dodgers vs. Yale 'n Harvard. If raining, indoors.

**OTHER EVENTS**

**UNITED NATIONS.**—Escorted tours leave lobby General Assembly Building every two minutes, daily. Questions answered. Questions asked.

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM,** "Flying Saucers, the Evidence," Lecture by Karl T. Emps. Also "Destination Uranus," the first direct recording from Space-ship "WZ17" now travelling to the planet. Deep shelter.



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Egyptian Cotton, Lithuanian  
Bone Buttons, Handcrafted  
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

WE take some satisfaction, possibly exaggerated, in our policy of not permitting visiting notabilities to come within scratch-pad range without passing through, or between, if the image seems strained, these columns. No sooner, therefore, had Messrs. Aubrey and Hugo Tanqueray, of London, checked in last week at the Waldorf-Astoria, than we prevailed on one of the joint's less



security-minded bell-hops to escort us and our thirst to the Tanqueray suite.

Our hosts, who proved to be as beak-nosed, monocled, affable, moustached and keenly clad a couple of young fellows as you could wish to meet, lost not a moment in brewing tea, handing sugar and cream, pushing us into a chair, hitching up their pants knees of subdued Glen Urquhart check and subsiding onto the sofa—an operation likely to have baffled any team with less than two pairs of hands.

"As a matter of fact," said the blue-eyed, slightly below average height brothers, stirring their tea in rhythmic accord, "we always carry our tea-making equipment with us. We're awfully keen on tea, actually, and like nothing better than to sit in our club windows overlooking the dear old Pall Mall drinking it, don't you know?"

We said we didn't know, but could jolly well believe it, actually, and asked what had brought them across

the Atlantic, hoping sincerely that they would not say a boat.

"We have bags of work to do on this side," they replied, "in connexion with the old family horse-riding breeches business. We make all the breeches ourselves——" Here the duet branched into a couple of short cadenzas for solo voice; "I make the left leg," said Aubrey, or possibly Hugo, "And I," said Hugo or, as it may well have been, Aubrey, "make the right."

"We already have American orders from Mr. Impellereri, Mr. Ben Hogan, Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. Edgar Kaufmann, Jr. Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce has also approached us," added the brothers with a blush, "but we make it a rule never to supply the fair sex. Perhaps we are old-fashioned."

"That reminds us," we said, handing back our cup and shaking hands all round with these jolly decent, uncomplicated young chaps. Then, thanking them for everything, we skipped down to the bar and ordered ourselves two Old Fashioneds. We thought for a moment that *we* were twins.

### The Spring Offensive

IF a modicum of Muscovite ears turned pink around noon the other Friday, when Senator Spasey was addressing those massed Boy Scouts at Valley Forge, they had nothing on our good American pair right here in this office. Unsettled, as is customary, by the imminence of spring we had idly allowed our fingers to stray, in a lull between news clippings, to the dial of our desk radio. At worst, we might have tuned in a lusty young baritone offering his heart to

all comers; at slightly better, the haunting song of a Bronx Zoo lovebird. Instead we got the Senator, bawling out none other than Georgiy Maximilianovitch Malenkov (of Russia) in good set terms, viz., "Malenkov? Let him go whistle," and the like. He then proceeded to comment, with rhetorical relish, on the marked vulnerability of bare knees to the H-bomb.

Now this, in our view, is no kind of talk to give Boy Scouts, massed or not, at Valley Forge or elsewhere. Its spirit conflicts sharply with that of the Baden-Powell movement which, as is well known, tends more towards the soft answer, the good act and the rough male kiss of intricately knotted string. Moreover, such terms as "Let him go whistle" passed from the great American lexicon of abuse around 1926. (But let *him* go, anyway.)

### Lovers' Meeting

A MATRON from Maine comes up with a bizarre story. It seems she was leaving her neighborhood cinema one bright, sunshiny afternoon not a hundred years from last Thursday when, full daylight vision not yet



restored, she failed to navigate around a hole in the sidewalk, and fell plumb into the middle of a waterpipe repair job. She wasn't hurt, because she fell onto her husband, an employee of the water company who would not, in the ordinary course, have made this page at all.

## GRANDPOP WAS A CUT-UP

WHEN I WAS A CHILD IN CHINA, RUSSIA, ITALY, NEVADA, KASHMIR, COLUMBUS, OHIO, PROVIDENCE R.I., NEW YORK, ENGLAND AND PERSIA. BUT

### MY KIDDIES ARE CUTE

THERE was always something strange about Saturday afternoons. The air smelt differently, for one thing. Weekdays, there were the ordinary workaday smells, which seemed to Constant, who had lived there all his short life, the true aroma of the world; and Sundays, with the special late breakfast, to be described in detail, the clothes which were kept in lavender and camphor and cloves, to be described in more detail, and the Place of Worship itself, to be described in infinite detail, exhaled what

Constant was sure was the Odor of Sanctity. Saturdays somehow were different; one never knew quite what to expect on Saturdays; but at least it would be something peculiar, something which could be treasured over the years and turned into a short story.

Perhaps Grandpop would have gone off on one of his toots and return in a most peculiar condition. What a lovable person Grandpop was! Perhaps Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart would have had another of her curious

misadventures. What a lovable person Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart was! Perhaps the native or colored cook, nurse, or coachman would be wise, witty and quaint. What lovable persons the native or colored cook, nurse, or coachman were! Perhaps Constance, his own sister, would have a part in the high-school play and make an unexpected success. What a lovable person Constance was, when she wasn't being a little bitch! Perhaps Constant himself would be involved in a sordid intrigue which he would not understand, but which he would dissipate by his innocence and the world of his own in which he lived so inarticulately. What a lovable little boy I was!

But this Saturday nothing had happened out of the way, nothing which could ever make a story, however much it was elaborated. A whole week of childhood gone, and not a reminiscence yet. Constant was toying with the idea of trying to drown himself. There is always something so touching about childish despair. He wouldn't do it yet, however; there were still a couple of hours left of the afternoon.

Suddenly his mother, Mrs. Reader, appeared. This was unusual, for most of the time Constant thought he was an orphan. What was even more unusual, she announced that there was going to be a children's party, a most disconcerting state of affairs, for Constant was used to being the only child in the incomprehensible and exotic world of the adults.

"It will be a lovely party," Mrs. Reader said, and Constant disbelieved her. "I've asked little J-hn Espy from China, and little Chr-st-n-W-st-n from India, and little J-n St-ford from Nevada, and little J-m-s Th-r-b-r from Columbus, Ohio, and the little S-lly B-n-s-n girls from New York, and the N-c-ll- T-cc- children from New York too, and J-hn N-b-k-v from Russia, and S. J. P-r-lm-n and S-m B-hrm-n from Providence, R.I., and M-ll- P-nt-r-D-w-n-s and Sylv- T-wns-nd-W-rn-r from England and of course J. D. S-l-ng-r and E-d-r- W-lty and M-ry M-c-rthy and Ant-n- Wh-t- and lots and lots of other children. You'll have a lovely time telling stories."

"I hate you, I hate you all," shouted Constant; and he went to drown himself after all. He succeeded; and that is the reason why he never managed to write his memoirs for *The N-w Y-rk-r*.





# THERE'S A LOAD OF CORN IN MY ANOUILH-BARRAULT

IT was about a month ago, as it usually is, when I finally abandoned a project that has kept me in mischief since the early days of the McKinley administration. I said to myself in a hoarse shout "Why, you big slob, even if you do get to finish your sonnet sequence on improved methods of plate-glass manufacture, what makes you think Brentano's would ever give it a tumble?" I paused for a reply, and was rewarded by a silence seldom equalled since they shut the door on Cheops. I might have had my head in a bag. In fact, maybe that was the explanation.

Seeking an outlet for my starved creative faculty, my hysterically waving antennae began to fondle an entirely different kettle of fish. As I unfolded the page of dramatic criticism that serves to make my hat fit, except when I have it on, my eye was caught by a passage of tessellated prose about French plays on Broadway. "Too seldom of late years," the writer moaned in 10 on 11-point Baskerville, "have lovers of the Continental drama been able to refresh themselves at the fountain of Sartre, the lake of Anouilh. It is a question, perhaps, of finance. If only some of our wealthier men could be prevailed upon to use their money for the purposes of culture, what . . ."

At this point his refined keening ran into a modicum of disaster traceable to unguents in use in the vicinity, but I had read enough to start the divine afflatus whistling through my fantastick pannicles like the mistral. Right away, I produced the following dramatic account of just such an imbroglio as our earnest friend seems to have in mind.

SCENE: The office of Gillinghurst Spatfinger, a Wall Street tycoon with more exquisitely-scented cabbage than you can shake a stenographer at. Benjie Fubb, a Broadway producer of questionable vintage who figures him for a possible angel, sits peeling an orange beside the costly Louis Quinze water-cooler. At rise, Spatfinger adjusts his monocles (he has three, one in each ear) and bestows an affectionate pat on Pierre, his tame chimpanzee, who squats in the M

to Q drawer of an adjacent filing cabinet.

SPATFINGER: Good boy, then. *Bon garçon.* (To Fubb.) Best adviser I ever had.

FUBB (uneasily): Is he French?

SPATFINGER: Came to me straight from Tunis. *Afrique du nord*, eh, Pierre, *mon vieux?* (Pierre grins.)

Running a banana-boat, he was; took some doing, down in those parts. No bananas.

FUBB (wiping his fingers): What's he advise you on?

SPATFINGER (solemnly): His knowledge of the French theater is encyclopaedic. Sartre, Racine, Molière, Mistinguett—knows those babies like the back of his hand. Is it a French play you want me to stake?

FUBB: No, it's—

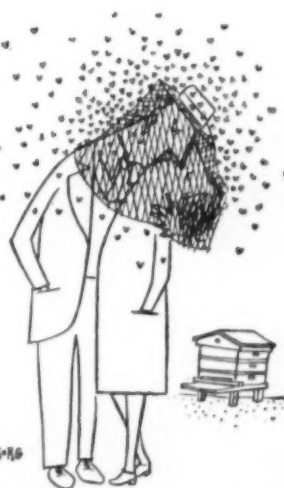
SPATFINGER: What, no part for Jean-Louis Barrault?

FUBB: Well, I—

SPATFINGER: He likes the Pitoëffs too. Or I see where Anouilh or some guy is doing a stage version of *Hamlet*, but I don't know if Jean Sablon would consider—

FUBB (swallowing a segment of orange): See here, Mr. Spatfinger, the only French thing in this play is a piece of Brie just before the second-act curtain.

SPATFINGER: How big a piece?



ST. NICKS

(v)

FUBB: No bigger than that. (He holds up another segment of orange.)

SPATFINGER (boiling with rage): Then what do you mean by coming here to waste my time?

FUBB: I—

SPATFINGER: I know your sort, Mac. Philistines, that's what you'd be called in a civilized community. Eh, Pierre, *mon vieux?* (Pierre grins.) There, see that? You're cooked. Pierre has spoken.

FUBB (sulkily): I didn't hear anything.

SPATFINGER: He speaks in French, is all. You better take a few lessons, Mac. And on your way out, leave him the rest of that orange. (Fubb sullenly hands it over and exits.) Strictly a *schlemiehl*, Pierre, between you and I. Now go on about this André Obey. Has he written anything like *La Petite Hutte*?

CURTAIN

—S. J. P-R-LM-N

## SPRING SONG

O SING of the songsters!  
Tots, kiddies and toddlers,  
Those cute little wrongsters  
So gracefully godless,  
Who carry the curses  
Of parents with 'm  
To stuff out their verses  
And fill up their purses  
With a cute little rhythm.

Chorus: *There is a sort of inverted sentiment  
Which needs a Society for  
its Preventiment.*

Sing also the Suburbs:

The commuters diurnal;  
The birds making hubbubs  
Of gaiety vernal.

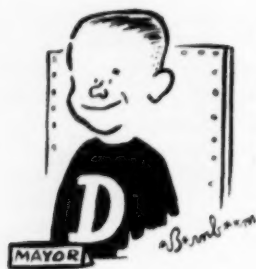
The poor sap is rising  
All blousy and blossomous;  
It needs civilizing  
By songs such as I sing,  
Suburbanizing

The whole of the Cosmos.

Chorus: *If the whole of your world  
is babies and business  
You'll soon find out it's a  
small world, usiness?*

—PH-LL-S MCG-NL-Y

(with a curtsy to Mr. N-SH  
for the choruses)



# PROFILE

## THE BOY WHO KEPT ON RUNNING

**D**ISCOUNT City, Tennessee, is a compact little community of some five thousand inhabitants. It possesses its own radio station, WABCD, two movie theaters, a municipal brass band, a dual carriage-way along its main (and only) thoroughfare, and thirty-seven drugstores. The citizens of Discount, most of whom are engaged in the business industry, take a great pride in their city. "The little guy in there," they will tell you, jerking their thumbs towards City Hall, "is a mighty smart fella."

"The little guy in there" is Mayor Frankie McOnion. Francis S. (for Schickenheimer) McOnion was elected Mayor of Discount in 1952. It was the first time he had run for office in Discount and he was elected by a record majority. His opponent, a local businessman named R. K. Sproutt, whose campaign had been distinguished for dignity rather than fire, was removed to hospital on the eve of the poll, suffering from a nervous breakdown. "I guess the pace was too hot for him," Mayor McOnion will tell you, "but gee, it sure

was a lucky break for me." Mayor McOnion's voice is beginning to crack; he will be eighteen at his next birthday, which falls in June.

McOnion began life as a baby in a pretentious but respectable home on the west side of the city. Both his parents were engaged in the business industry, his father rather more actively than his mother. "I can't ever remember a time when Mom and Pop weren't out at business all day," McOnion says, "except sometimes at weekends. Gee, I useta feel sorry for them." "Gee" is McOnion's favourite expletive. He throws it into his conversation like a cook throwing cloves into an apple pie. When he is surprised, he says "Holy cow."

When young Frankie was rising twelve, business took his parents to the neighboring township of Camomile. "I attended school in Camomile sometimes when I felt like it," he says with the engaging smile so familiar on his election posters, "but mostly I just useta roam around the streets, and I guess I was left to myself pretty much. When a guy gets left to himself, well, he gets to thinking, and gee, did I do plenty thinking at that time. One of the things I useta think about was, if Mom and Pop didn't have to do so much business all the time, maybe they'd have more time

for me. Gee, business is sure hard on folks, isn't it? Do you ever have any business?" The smile flashes out again, revealing where one of McOnion's front teeth is slightly chipped as the result of biting on a hard-centered candy which he thought was soft.

Frankie's juvenile thinking was directed along practical lines. If business were not so brisk, the load on parents would be eased and the community as a whole would benefit. By asking around among the other kids and listening to the conversations of his seniors, Frankie learned that business was flourishing in Camomile because the Mayor was a live man with a reputation for drive and integrity. In his characteristically direct way, he decided that there was only one way to improve matters. He would run for Mayor himself.

He threw himself into his campaign with a zeal that he had never displayed in school. He and a small band of other kids whose ages averaged out at around twelve canvassed every single citizen of Camomile, thumbing lifts to the more inaccessible districts, walking or riding municipal transport to the metropolitan voters. "When folks would ask me what ticket I was running on," McOnion recalls, "I'd tell them it was a streetcar ticket."

Frankie's unorthodox methods brought him a success that gave the soberer elements in Camomile the shock of their lives. In 1949, within a few days of his thirteenth birthday, he was elected Mayor of Camomile.

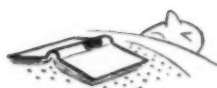
"I guess I was pretty raw in those days at that," McOnion admits. "I had no clear idea what being Mayor meant, and I guess most of the folks that voted for me reckoned that ole Mr. Dooperty would still get enough votes to get in. It was pretty swell of them, when you come to think of it. Lots of guys are swell to kids, though of course lots of guys aren't, especially dames. Dames are often real mean to kids. Gee . . ." A reminiscent look came into Mayor McOnion's blue, still clear eyes, and he rubbed the tip of his nose with the knuckles of his left hand.

(This is the first of twenty-seven articles on Mayor Frank S McOnion.)



"How long are we going to keep up this mad pretence of mutual disinterestedness, Mr. Millnos?"

## BOOKS

*To The Comfort Station*

I HAD a short acquaintance with the British writer, Mr. William Shakespeare, but only one extended conversation with him when he stayed overnight at Princeton to ask my opinion about *King Lear*, the next play he planned starting. Dean Krabatteler brought him to my room with the request that I tell him my views. I had been informed by Joseph Bitterbusch Quinsey, the philosopher, that William Shakespeare was a writer of high intellectual distinction, but I was not certain about his liberal aims. I knew he must hate the bourgeois system but he had betrayed in the past a certain tenderness for British royalties and aristocrats.

That week had already been a hard one for me, teaching Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway how to write, and explaining to them about T. S. Eliot and Henry James, so I may have spoken abruptly when Mr. Shakespeare did not seem to get my meaning at once. Whatever it was, he demanded after a while "I guess you want to be left alone with your thoughts tonight, Bunny?" His voice was not unattractive and he could display the cleverness and tolerance that upper middle-class Englishmen are taught at prep school to conceal the way their government goes into other peoples' countries and massacres the inhabitants to steal their culture.

I told him conformations and appositions are impacted in the body politic and the historical instant—just as before now I had explained all that to Dean Krabatteler, Joseph Bitterbusch Quinsey and the rest of the Faculty—and that a good writer must possess not only a valid psycho-analytical diagnosis, combining Freudian and Marxian method, but also a working knowledge of practical anthropology. This Shakespeare plainly didn't have. I advised him not to publish the play and felt sure he would never get it acted. He seemed to chafe at my words and said suddenly he had to go some place. I walked with him as far as the Graduate School, explaining the difference between good and bad art.

He did not take my advice and a

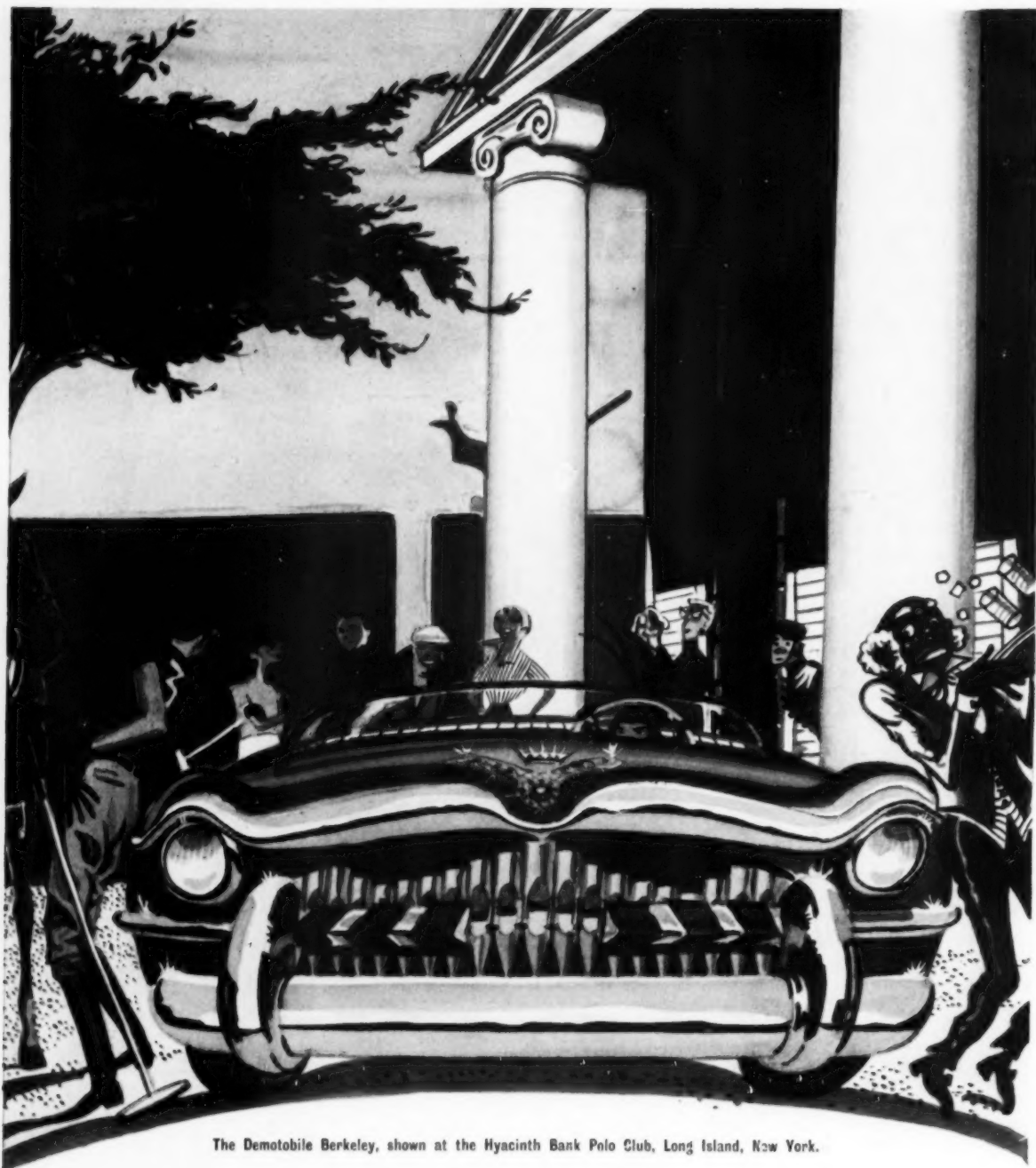
printed copy of the play now lies before me. (Ananias, Sapphira, Inc., \$5.) *King Lear* gives the picture of a British king, who to save taxation, divides up his property between his three daughters. It is impossible to escape the impression that William Shakespeare's responses are to some extent motivated by his respect for court life. Such an attitude is unsym-

pathetic to the present writer. I had told him clearly how the flaws in his psychology could be put right. He seems to have done little or nothing to justify my hopes that he would extend his reading. I am beginning to suspect that some writers are not worth helping, or at least that a stop-over in Princeton is not enough for them to absorb all I have to tell them.

—EDMUND W. LSN







The Demotobile Berkeley, shown at the Hyacinth Bank Polo Club, Long Island, New York.

*Unassuming dignity of design, quiet good taste, savoir faire, delicate finish, and exquisite tact in styling and appointment assure this car's welcome in any company. Berkeley owners possess a machine more liberally endowed with quality and good breeding than any car in the lowest-priced field.*

*Jewelry by D'Orsay of Bond Street  
Breeches by Goshawk of London  
Topiary by Mondrian  
Ice by G.E.C.  
Eyeglass by Fitzwestern of Bath  
Horse by Attaboy out of Good Luck.*

 **De Motobile** 

# Memoirs of a Motoring Correspondent



EW of the duffle-coated *passionés* of motor sport, nattering over their noggins in the chilly private room above the public bar of "The Bull," Bulpington-by-Blup (second Sunday each month. Subs. to Hector, *please*, chaps before next meeting), will deny that the *grande épreuve* which most ennobles the searing pages of British motor-racing history was the Liechtenstein Grand Prix in the tense spring of 1939.

Sports car owners then abed still hold themselves accursed they were not there when English eyeballs smarted with sudden start of prideful tears as the bright green B.R.A. of Girling Foss received the chequered flag from a scowling and dismayed Teuton. Nothing could deny Foss his triumph in that shining hour—not all the guile and resource of the Scuderia Baloni, not all the polished technique of Chirio, Wacco and Bangon pushing the scarlet Alpha-Betas to their formidable limits. The lone Englishman accomplished his ninety laps with the precision of a Swiss watchmaker, the grace of a prima ballerina, and the sheer animal courage of a rabbit defending its young.

I had the misfortune to cover this ineffable occasion for the *Sunday Disgrace*, and to-day, as another season of The Sport beckons the faithful to Silverstone and Goodwood, a yellowed cutting on my desk brings the memories crowding back:

## FOSS WINS

Girling Foss, driving a B.R.A., won the Grand Prix yesterday at an average speed of 91.37 m.p.h.—Reuter  
average speed of 91.37 m.p.h.—Reuter

Twelve hundred words of mine, extorted by the editorial thumbscrew which stretches out from Barmecide House, E.C.4, had arrived too late even for the 4 a.m. edition.

\* \* \* \* \*

As 5,000 h.p. growled on the starting-grid in exquisite discord with the whining five-minute Klaxon, cold fear set my adrenalin flowing like warm engine oil, and I read again with a sense of hopelessness the telegram pressed into my hand by a sneering waiter as I

By RONALD COLLIER

was sucking down my acorn-coffee at the Schloss Badcess that morning. It said:

UNDERSTAND CARMEN POPOCATAPETL  
DAUGHTER MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN  
MILLIONAIRE ANNOUNCING ENGAGEMENT  
ADFOSS POSTRACE STOP WANT EXCLUSIVE  
INTERVIEW ETGOOD PICTURE PLUS  
DESCRIPTIVE HER REACTIONS RACEWISE  
STOP WHAT SHE WEARING QUERY PHONE  
PRELIM FOUR PEE EM STOP UNWANT  
DULL TECHNICAL RACE STUFF END  
QUIBBLE

Unwant dull technical race stuff! Did Quibble know that England this day depended on twenty-four egg-cup-sized cylinders to deliver their 300 brake horsepower surely and sweetly for three and a half hours into the sensitive hands of Girling Foss? No but quibble knew idiotic daughter excludicruous foreign plutocrat was grandstandards stop what she *wearing* progoodness sake exclamation how in name of nuvolari should eye know or care query. Steady . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

After thirty laps, Foss, who was lying second to Chirio, motoring beautifully, slip-streaming the Italian ace to perfection, and husbanding his power for the long journey still ahead, pulled into the pits for a lightning intake of fuel. I sidled up to the panting B.R.A. and haltingly asked the dust-masked driver: "Could you say anything about Carmen—"

"Get out!"

"I've been asked by the *Sunday Disgrace* editor specially to—"

An enraged bull of a mechanic raised a threatening spanner and I slunk away scarlet with shame. Foss went off again with a roar. It was ten minutes to four. At Barmecide House they were waiting for my call.

In despair I trudged over the monstrous imitation tyre-segment which spanned the flowing macadam circuit, linking the privileged in pit and paddock with the paying customers in the stands. Where was Popocatpetl? One second later I knew. Among the motley crowd that seethed on the wooden benches of the grandstand my questing eye picked out a flawless white corduroy cap,

fashioned in Jermyn Street, surmounting the handsome features of my old rival, Bascombe Mildew, then motoring reporter of the *Sunday Outrage*. He was jotting down notes as he talked intently to a black-haired girl who could be nobody but the bean millionaire's glamorous sprig; but when I greeted him he snapped his notebook shut and muttered a few words in what I took to be Spanish to his companion, who turned hostile eyes on me.

"If you've been asked to check this engagement story, old man," said Bascombe, "you're wasting your time. Absolutely untrue. Girl doesn't even know him. Can't think where London got the rumour from. Well, I'm off. Got a time call in to the office. See you later."

I was overwhelmed with relief, and eagerly followed him to the Press room, scarcely giving the girl another glance. My own call to Barmecide House quietly but firmly, I hoped, put Quibble in his place, and I settled down to the serious business of analyzing the race.

Two hours later the victor's laurels were round Foss's neck, and he was borne triumphantly by his countrymen to the limousine which drove him to his hotel. I made for the Schloss Badcess with a lump in my throat and enough notes for five thousand crackling words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in my room, I ordered sandwiches and wine, and buckled down to the typewriter. (Mildew was at the Grand Hotel where Foss and his





"How's business?"

entourage were staying, and I saw nothing of either all evening.)

"Girling Foss and British engineering genius combined to hoist the Union Jack over the Badcess motor-racing circuit here to-day while 80,000 Germans glowered in stunned silence . . ."

The words flowed smoothly for two hours, and at 9 p.m. I was ready to dictate to Barmecide House.

At 10 p.m. the call had not come through, and, quailing at the thought of Quibble's wrath, I rattled my receiver in panic. The husky-voiced frau-lein at the hotel exchange regretted that there on the London line was a delay of three hours please. Only one way out—

telegraph it! I raced to the Postamt and entrusted my manuscript to the hands of a sullen blonde who couldn't speak English. No wink of sleep touched my eyes that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Insomniac and rent by doubt about the fate of my story, I drove to the airport next morning and sought the solace of what I knew would be the fellow-suffering of an enraged Mildew denied a telephone line to London. But he had gone—flown home in the special plane that bore Girling Foss to the London triumph he so richly deserved.

In my own aircraft, sleep mercifully overcame me, and when I was nudged from care's reknit ravelled sleeve by a sharp order to fasten my seat belt, we were over London.

The brooding gloom of the drinkless airport building (it was after 2 p.m. and before 7 p.m. on Sunday) had never before seemed so loaded with menace. And I trembled as I bought copies of the *Disgrace* and *Outrage*.

Page One of the *Outrage* struck me like a blow in the face:

**BEAN MILLIONHEIRESS  
BETROTHED TO FOSS  
AS BRITON TRIUMPHS  
IN GRAND PRIX DRAMA**

A three-column picture showed Foss embracing the creature at a dinner-table festooned with streamers, adorned with a Union Jack and cluttered with wine bottles. I read on like a man in a trance:

**From Bascombe Mildew**  
(by telephone)

Badcess, Liechtenstein, Saturday night.

Glowing like a jewel in a black velvet setting, raven-haired Mexican millionheiress Carmen Popocatapetl to-night sealed the motor-racing triumph of the year by Britain's Girling Foss with a kiss that disclosed a betrothal kept secret for six months . . .

There was no need to look at the *Sunday Disgrace*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Barmecide House commissionaire, who regretted as much as I did his instructions from Quibble to bar me from the building, told me that the telegram I had sent arrived at 9 a.m., marked "Night Letter Rate," and that the *Disgrace* had been told by the Schloss Badcess when they telephoned on Saturday evening that I had left the hotel.

I was never able to prove that Mildew had a hand in this chicanery, and when next I saw him England was engaged in a Greater Race than the Liechtenstein Grand Prix. Bascombe was a Staff Colonel, advising the Army on transport problems, and military etiquette forbade me to question him. I had been called to the Pioneer Corps and I was peeling potatoes.

6 6

**Responsibility Note**

"It is to be hoped that the son will bear in mind that in spite of all that has happened he is his father and is probably anxious to do the best he can for his son's future."

*Evening Standard*



John Newton

## An Ordinary Event

AN ordinary event:  
The steamer leaving for the island  
Precise by time-table, and not god-sent.

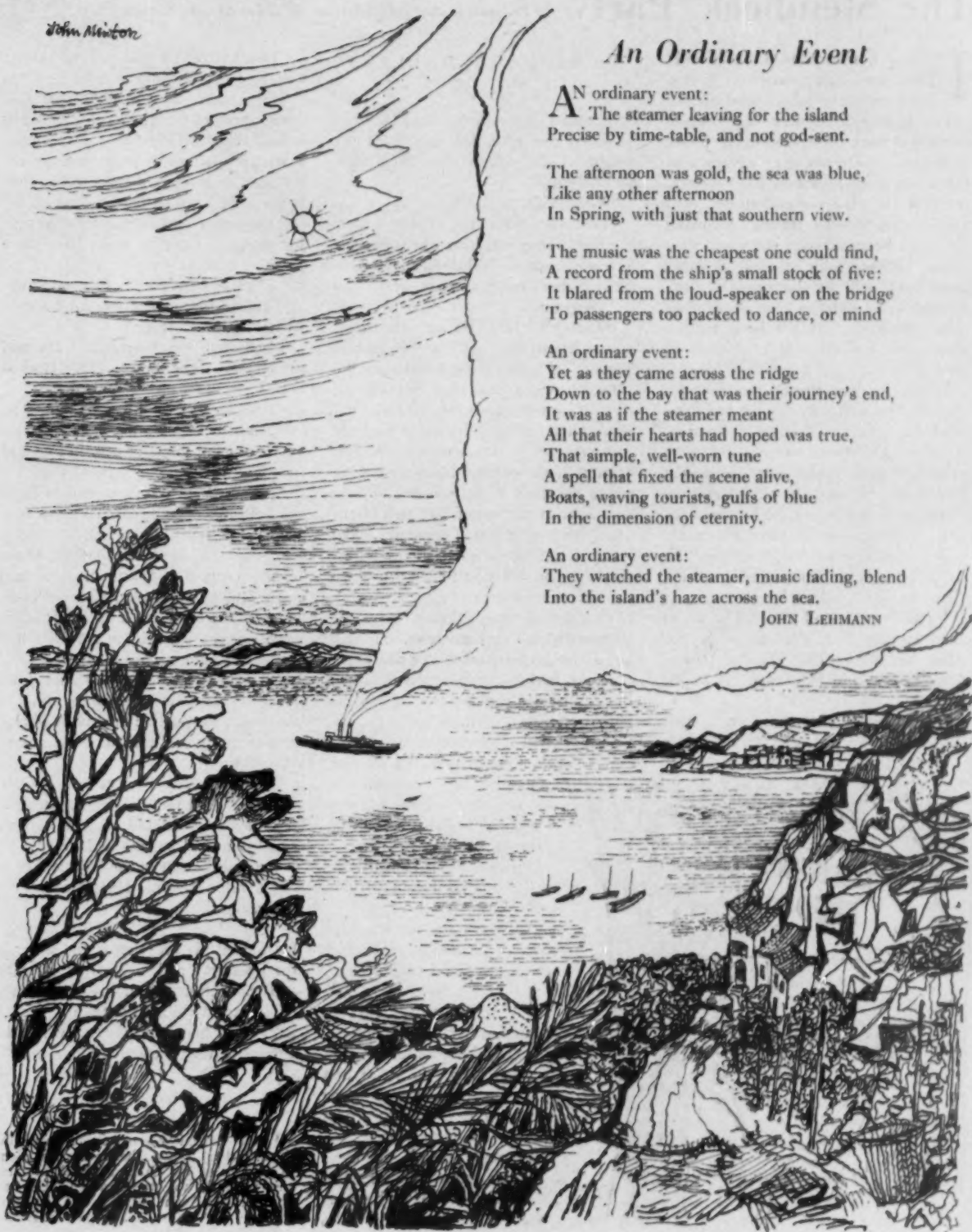
The afternoon was gold, the sea was blue,  
Like any other afternoon  
In Spring, with just that southern view.

The music was the cheapest one could find,  
A record from the ship's small stock of five:  
It blared from the loud-speaker on the bridge  
To passengers too packed to dance, or mind

An ordinary event:  
Yet as they came across the ridge  
Down to the bay that was their journey's end,  
It was as if the steamer meant  
All that their hearts had hoped was true,  
That simple, well-worn tune  
A spell that fixed the scene alive,  
Boats, waving tourists, gulfs of blue  
In the dimension of eternity.

An ordinary event:  
They watched the steamer, music fading, blend  
Into the island's haze across the sea.

JOHN LEHMANN



# The Steinbeck Party (To mark the publication of *The Short Novels*)

By RICHARD MALLET

IN Los Escritorcillos in California the second-string reviewers gave a great party for John Steinbeck.

Los Escritorcillos near Monterey is the sad destiny of second-string book-reviewers. Worn out after a lifetime of books the chief reviewers have refused to look at, the second-string men gravitate there like lizards, following the sun. From all over the world they come, carrying suitcases full of junk, most of it still in the original dust-wrappers and some in what dealers call mint condition. It has been written about, but nobody will ever want to read it.

It was Joe who started the idea of a party for John Steinbeck. Joe had done work for a literary weekly in London, England, and it was rumoured that no man had ever found him hanging a participle. He said the time was ripe. "Steinbeck deserves a celebration," he said. "When a man's short novels are collected in one volume, it's time."

"Short novels?" said Dimwit. "What short novels?"

"The works," said Joe. "The whole six. *Tortilla Flat*, *The Red Pony*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Moon is Down*, *Cannery Row* and *The Pearl*. All in one book."

"I remember once there was a short

novel called *Turbot Jelly*," said Dimwit. "Looked real nice, felt just the right weight. Came out the year Buck took his libel rap."

"You review it?"

"Hell, no. Never got to review stuff like that. They was long words in that. It was—it was—What do they call it when it don't mean what it says?"

"Allegorical?"

"That's it," said Dimwit. He struck a match on the wall of the public library. "I knew it was a medicine."

Dimwit was a small man, big of head, slow of apprehension, the anchor and blanket and stifling influence of the little group that spent its time outside the Los Escritorcillos public library, staring across the street at the people and dogs who went in and out of Ed Litt's High-Class Bookstore and Typewriter Hospital. But whereas most of the others would try on occasion to sell a book to Ed Litt, or trade two or three at Andy's for a quart of wine, Dimwit had never attempted such an enterprise. He still had all his books, packed in a row along the park bench under which he slept. Each time he ran his eye along the fading spectrum of their backs he was visited by a breathless wonder, recalling that incredible past when he had been allowed to express about them opinions which had been printed, and perhaps read.

When Ed Litt heard about the party he began to give advice.

"If you want Steinbeck to come," he said, "you better arrange it like a stage scene."

"Like a what?" Joe asked.

"A stage scene," Ed repeated. "Ain't you noticed the way he goes for a stage scene? Why, *Of Mice and Men* and parts of *The Moon is Down* read like they was plays. In them books, you find stage scenes all over. There's this chief place, like maybe it's on a river bank, or one big room, and the fellas come in, and go out."

"A stage scene?" Joe asked.

"A stage scene," Ed repeated. "Ain't you noticed the way he goes for a stage scene? Why, *Of Mice and Men* and parts of *The Moon is Down* read like they was plays. In them books, you find stage scenes all over. There's this chief place, like maybe it's on a river bank, or one big room, and the fellas come in, and go out."

"Don't never sit still there?" Dimwit asked in wonder.

"Sure they stay there," said Ed. "Stay there and talk, the way anybody would. But it feels like a play scene. It has the pattern of stage technique." Ed used high-class words sometimes. It was being around books so much.

"You mean when we have the party," Joe said, "we got to make like it's a play?"

"I advise it," said Ed, nodding. "Of course that means you need somewhere big, like a stage."

Joe looked disappointed. "Me and the boys—" he began. "We kind of hoped you'd let us use your place."

"I figured you did," said Ed, and he crossed the street and went into his store and shut the door behind him and locked it.

So that meant the party had to be in the hall of the public library, and as it turned out nobody remembered about the stage technique anyhow. There were seventy-five quarts of wine and thirty gallons of whisky, all good stuff. None of the boys had a book left afterwards except Dimwit, but Andy's had enough to open a book department.

Oh, it was a great party, but John Steinbeck himself didn't show up. In the discussion outside the public library next morning that was the only ground of criticism.

"Couldn't have been he didn't want to come," said Joe. "He likes parties."

"Maybe we should of told him we was havin' it," suggested Dimwit.

Joe and the rest of the boys looked at him in astonishment. He was constantly surprising them.

"Sure," said Joe. "That figures." He turned his eyes across the street at the Bookstore and Typewriter Hospital and watched a little dog with a plume tail scratching himself outside. "Well—hell, we'll give him another when the Complete Works come out."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. G. F. Fisher) visited Cheltenham last night. He stayed at the Queen's Hotel, and left this morning to attend a wedding near Stratford-on-Avon."

*Gloucestershire Echo*

Well, you have to consider the lilies.





*"Now, squeeze—don't pull."*



# Country Clothes on the Hoof

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THOSE who were there will not forget a point-to-point in the spring of 1939, the last point-to-point season before the war. The weather was even more than usually foul, and the cars got badly bogged in their parking fields. Hurdles were thrown down, tractors and cart horses brought to bear; but the moon was high before they were all away, all except one ponderous saloon whose chauffeur decided to repair to the "Stag's Head." The car might just as well be left till morning, his mistress having, as he supposed, been taken home by friends.

His mistress was, in fact, asleep under the big fur rug in the back of the car, to which she had retired before the last race for a final warming nip from her flask. She was a lady of some three-score years and ten, and since her name was, or might have been, Lady Ripvan Winkle, it will be readily understood that she slumbered on not only through that night but all through the troubled years of war and peace which followed. She awoke, still three-score years and ten, in this year of 1954 while a point-to-point was once more in progress.

Nothing on the face of the scene

told Lady Winkle that her forty winks had lasted fifteen years. Here were the cars, row upon gleaming row, in the £2 park; over there, more but less gleaming rows in the £1 park; across the lane Church Farm was offering its usual five-shilling asylum to assorted vehicles; farther along tradesmen's vans and three-wheelers crouched in grace-and-favour gateways. As she strode towards the paddock nothing apprised her of world convulsion and social revolution.

She passed the usual crowds in front of the bookies: Doug, Sid, Jack, Alf, the names she knew so well; she joined the thick wreath of people round the paddock and saw horses parading in blankets bearing monograms she had always known; she walked on towards the horse-boxes, past the secretary's tent, the dressing tent, the weighing tent, the St. John Ambulance. She knew the scene by heart. It was the scene that knew not *her*: hair a hank of steel wool under old felt; weather-beaten skin taut over aristocratic anatomy (the late Sir Ripvan—dear old Rip!—always swore that bones meant more to him than beauty); mac over Harris, Newmarkets over ribbed lisle; binoculars, shooting-stick, self-confidence; the last of the Piltown Ladies! An anachronism to-day when over-seventies all have their portion of lipstick and perm. Impossible not to feel that with the passing of the Lady Winkles from the Counties something imperishable has perished. Impossible not to feel that the backbone of England has slipped a disc.

Old ladies, gracious and disgraceful, are no more. In this mid-century no woman is more than middle-aged. Make-up and clothes are the great levellers, flattening out age-groups and income brackets. In the country, camel coats wrap us in cosy conformity from the kindergarten to the grave. They are not all made of camel hair. Camel merely denotes the colour. A camel coat can be anything from pure vicuna (loftiest animal in the world, browsing at twelve thousand feet in the warmest and most expensive hair), through mixtures of cashmere and wool to composites of fibre and flock. A camel coat goes with everything, but is smart with nothing because it is bought and worn as an unrelated item.

However, this spring, designers of country clothes have provided camel skirts to go with both the long camel coats and the younger, shorter, chic-er, camel reefers. With these, camel waistcoats can be worn over tartan shirts; and there are camel coats and reefers lined with tartan with matching tartan skirts. Neat-brimmed hats in camel or tartan can complete the unifying of these separates. Tweed outfits, too, are equally eclectic and versatile. Never before in the shops have such attractive country clothes been on the hangers; it is a great pity more are not seen on the hoof.

For neck-and-neck with the unrelated camels run the hybrid duffels. A duffel may contain a grandmother or her granddaughter; it may be seen on riders watching their horses being saddled for the ladies' race, as well as on those who have ridden to the point-to-point on push-bikes. The heart has its reasons, and there may be a reason of the heart why women of all ages have embraced this naval issue. In black, or stone, a duffel may look almost smart, provided there is a well-cut skirt beneath, not slacks, and a classic hat to match the skirt, not, not on any account, a head-scarf. These silk, cotton, chiffon scarves which appear at race meetings, with their peonies, Piccadilly Circus scenes, and Riviera cafés, are utterly out of place. The grey-green of the fields and hedges, the grey-black of the threatening sky; the chestnuts, browns, bays and greys of the



horses; the black and tan of saddles, bridles, and boots... these are the colours of felts, gabardines, coverts, Aberdonian crombies and shepherds' plaids; thorn-proof and game-feather tweeds; leather, suède and sheepskin. And it is these materials which make the best-looking country clothes. If scarves are worn, either at the neck or on the head, colours and materials should be complementary: lichen to grey, cashmere to tweed, for example.

There are always iconoclasts who would pull down the divinity that doth hedge a horse. They have never been lacking, except in success. At point-to-points in the home counties and within range of the universities, reckless maidens tilt at tradition in black or tartan drain-pipe trousers, wearing "casual" shoes which slop in the fields and slip on the downs. But the horse, the old Tory, always wins. Laugh at his conservative conventions though each successive *avant garde* will, the horse has the last sneer. He does not believe they are deliberately defying tradition; he rather implies, odious animal, that they do not know what the traditions are.

England is famous for wet-weather clothes, and in all our damp island story there has never been a time when showery fashions have been so beneficent. Nearly every weather-proof outfit to-day has its accompanying hat, far more becoming than the bare-faced berets and the gnomish hoods of yesteryear. A new tight-belted trench coat, in mustard yellow and other field colours, has a boyish "pull-on"; a

green-grey raincoat with buckled neck-band has a stitched hat with buckled band; the classics, in classic fawns or new bright colours, all can have their matching fishing-hat or deer-stalker. Dual-purpose coats and capes are waterproof one side, authentic tartan or saddle-tweed (thickest, toughest tweed of all) the other. These capes bring a dash of drama to the insignificant modern figure. Flung over suit or coat in the teeth of the gale, thrown on the ground for the picnic lunch, handed down to the next generation, they are heirlooms that will travel through time and space from the grouse moors of Scotland to the mountains of the moon. Proofed-tweed overcoats are loose-fitting, swinging raglan, racy, often reversible. Big pockets, sometimes zipped, make handbags unnecessary; but few women will ever suffer the amputation of these

dangling redundants which, for country pursuits, are a nonsense and a nuisance.

Sheepskin jackets, inside-out or outside-in, naturally look at home in the fields, especially when worn with sturdy ankle-boots like shire-horse hooves. Unlike the sheep, ocelot and the now rarer, more expensive, leopard can hardly claim to be indigenous. But somehow they obtained their visas long ago and have always been among the very few accepted furs for sporting events. The latest leopards, with dropped shoulders and short body for the long-legged look, are spirited and mettlesome. Sad that there has been this recent outbreak of leopard-fabric phobia. Imitation leopard hats, handbags, cravats, even leopard skirts and slacks, have all appeared at this season's point-to-points, making the wearer of genuine leopard long to rush home and change her spots.



ROY DAVIS

## On the Side of the Angels

The Verkeerdevlei Farmers' Association has offered £25 to the University of the Orange Free State to "dispose of" the theory of evolution.

WE, the Verkeerdevlei Farmers, with intent,  
Not to ensure our thinking as we ought,  
But to forearm ourselves in argument  
Against the slow subversion of free thought,

Have come to Bloemfontein empowered to speak;  
Since our Association thinks it fit  
To pay the necessary sum and seek  
The help of science to stiffen Holy Writ.

God made man in his image, and as men  
We have continued much as we began.  
There has been much diversity since then  
In man and beast: but man was always man.

And we are men ordained to nobleness,  
Not blacks or red-necks: speaking honest Taal:  
Needless to say, not Asians; none the less  
We come from Eden, not Neanderthal.

You have the education. You can say  
How Japhet's sons came to be ruling here.  
Show us the proof. We are prepared to pay  
Twenty-five pounds to have the matter clear.

We are Dutch stock, creation at its best:  
It is not an outrageous thing we ask.  
Surely God's image should be manifest,  
And twenty-five fair payment for the task.

P. M. HUBBARD

# For Those Not Going Abroad

By H. F. ELLIS

THE following reflections, jotted down hastily on the back of a letter from an Italian hotel-keeper promising me a warm reception and extensive viewings of the lake for two thousand nine hundred lire per day, are offered by way of consolation to those who are denying themselves the delight of a holiday on the Continent this year.

1. The whole thing is a gigantic mistake. For what it is going to cost, first and last, for a family of four, I could have bought myself seven or eight suits (some with outside ticket-pockets) and been among the ten best-dressed men in London. I could have given the go-ahead to the man who wants to overhaul all my guttering and rain-water pipes, prepare all previously painted work, burn off, knot, stop and prime as required, and stop and bring forward all remaining work. I could have had chairs re-covered, or given one of those expensive pens to my wife and had my photograph in the papers for it. These would have been lasting benefits, compared with the trumpery evanescence of a trip abroad. The very word "trip" has ominous associations.

2. It would not be so bad if the plan itself, to which one is now irrevocably committed, had anything to commend it. Why on earth didn't we decide just to go straight to Nice or Majorca and stay there? Then at least one could have put one's feet up in the sun and gathered strength for the years of unremitting toil that will be necessary to recoup

oneself for this wanton extravagance. Traipsing about Europe in a car, with the rain pouring down, darkness coming on, one of the children feeling sick, and not an hotel shown in the *Guide Michelin* for another forty kilometres (bar a couple equipped with at least one bath on each floor and therefore out of the question for us)—is this the kind of holiday that can be justified even on medical grounds?

3. Kindly take a look at this heap of documents. I say nothing about the labour of collecting them, because that is now over—though those not going abroad might well be immensely cheered by a quick glance at my original list of "Things to be done." But think of the responsibility! Four passports, four separate traveller's-cheque wallets, four bundles of foreign notes, a "Green Card," a vast great Carnet: the loss of any of these things will mean irretrievable disaster. Once they get you inside an Italian gaol there is no knowing when you will get out again. The days when you could bribe your way out of foreign prisons are over, and will not return unless the travel allowance is markedly increased.

4. I have a mental picture of myself somewhere in the Alps, attempting to cram down my eleventh consecutive picnic lunch of bread and salami while at the same time repeatedly patting the pockets of my raincoat to make sure that none of the twelve most vital documents has slipped out and rolled down a

precipice. In such a situation one is particularly vulnerable to attacks by bandits . . .

5. Did I not read somewhere that wolves have reappeared again in the Haute Savoie?

6. The worst of the avalanches will be over by the time we pass through Switzerland, so I have abandoned the plan to take spades and shovels in the boot. This will make room for some of the following, all of which have been recommended by one friend or another as essential to the enjoyment of a really rousing Continental holiday: spirit stove, tea, butter, paraffin, spare blankets, drum of engine oil, fan belt, anti-mosquito ointment, duffel-coat and chains.

7. This lunatic scheme of moving on day after day from one fourth-rate hotel to another, mainly in order to avoid paying for lunch, means that no laundry whatever will be done en route. "The under-nourished body of an English tourist, clad in a dirty shirt and partially gnawed by wolves, was found by the roadside in an unfashionable part of Baveno early this morning. He is believed to have been overtaken by home-sickness while counting passports. Police have taken possession of an inch and a quarter of salami . . ."

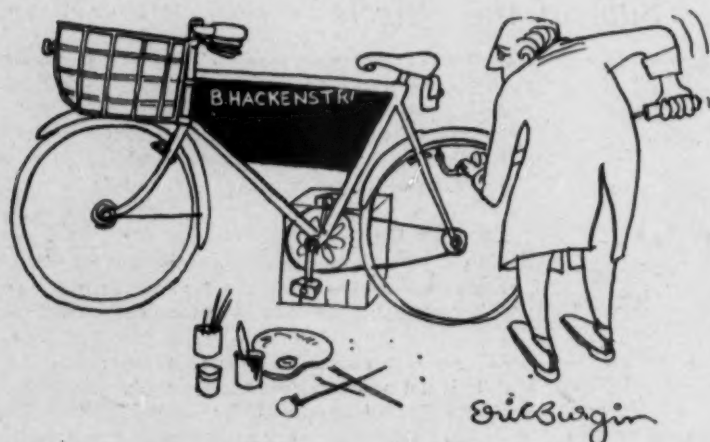
At this point my jottings on the back of the letter from an Italian hotel-keeper come to an end. But I am able, through the kindness of the A.A. Port Officer at Dover, to append a further last-minute reflection, scribbled on the back of a leaflet warning me of the penalties for seeking full-time employment in France without a residence permit:

8. Am now on board the s.s. *Lord Warden*, bound for Boulogne, and would not exchange my situation for all the suits in Savile Row. Sea moderate to rough—and let those not going abroad get all the consolation they can out of that.

£ £

"We much regret that in the article 'Record Photography on Dull Days' in last week's issue the captions . . . were inadvertently transposed. The top picture should of course be entitled, 'Wood Carving, Sudbury Church,' the lower, 'Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury.'"  
Amateur Photography

Any complaints from Sudbury?





# The Rake's Progress : The Soldier

By RONALD SEARLE



1. 1914. Sword of Honour, and Caruthers Prize for Scripture and Old Testament Map-Reading



2. 1916 Kills five Huns with a broken Sabre. D.S.O. Croix de Guerre (avec Palme). Kissed by Foch



3. 1922. Inspired by Capt Liddell Hart leaves army to write on airborne tactics. Photograph in "Army Quarterly"



4. 1938 Military advisor to Secretary of State for War. Secures adoption of a new greatcoat. Starts memoirs



5. 1940. War office. Appointed Director General of ABCA Wounded. Retires with rank of Lt. General



6. 1949. Chairman of Committee to advise on colour schemes for railway waiting-rooms. Knocked down by taxi at St Pancras. Expires



Monday, March 29

The Solicitor-General provoked a small scene during questions. Mr.

House of Commons:  
Expenditure  
Begrudge!

SWINGLER asked him what compensation would be paid to a soldier who had been wrongly imprisoned for nine months, and the Solicitor-General said that the pay withheld from him from his arrest to the determination of his appeal would be restored. Sir REGINALD MANNINGHAM-BULLER cannot really have thought this would satisfy any Member, and certainly not Mr. SWINGLER. There was a further question later about the same soldier, inquiring whether there had been undue delay in the hearing of his case, with some meaningful probing from both sides of the House; and the question of compensation came up once more. Sir REGINALD again seemed unanxious to make a firm statement, even when pressed by Mr. ATTLEE. For once, general opinion seemed to be on Mr. SWINGLER's side.

During the consideration in committee of the Judges' Remuneration Bill Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN moved an amendment depriving the Lord Chancellor of his proposed rise. Mr. EMRYS HUGHES backed him up; was it right, he asked, to give the Lord Chancellor £4,000 more than the Archbishop of Canterbury, or three times as much as the Chancellor of the Exchequer? The amendment was lost. A short time afterwards a man threw a handful of pamphlets down from the Strangers Gallery and was removed shouting. It was not easy to hear what he was shouting; "Fair play for Archbishops!" perhaps.

The final business of the day was the money resolution for the Television Bill. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON took a much more serious line when asking the House to deny the Independent Television Authority its annual £750,000 than he had in the second reading debate, and he got some support from the Tory benches—though the support was not very graciously offered. Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, for example, accompanying it with the reflection that

the Socialists were not the real opposition to the Bill, they were just "Lord Waverley's poodle." However, Tory consciences are elastic in this matter, and a majority of forty-two gave the Authority its money. A similar majority sealed the fate of Mr. NESS EDWARDS's amendment seeking to deprive it of its initial loan of two million pounds.

Tuesday, March 30

The Lords debated the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill on re-committal, but their deliberations were unexpectedly flat.

After Lord JOWITT had branded himself as a fugitive criminal because of the part he had played in spending the Carr Fund on sculpture instead of on painting, the discussion showed a tendency to become statistical. Perhaps their Lordships' minds were on the more momentous proceedings that were going on in another place.

When several questions are put down that can be covered with a single answer, Ministers are accustomed to employ

some such phrase as "With the permission of the House, I will answer this question and Number Fifteen together." Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL, after he had denied us a Bank Holiday on the QUEEN's return, took the House's breath away when he begged leave to answer questions forty-seven to sixty-four all in one go. These questions dealt, of course, with the hydrogen bomb.

The House was packed, the galleries full. Sir WINSTON read his statement quietly and undramatically, raising his head at one moment to snap at an irresponsible interrupter "There's nothing to laugh at." For once the mood of the House matched the seriousness of its proceedings.

The Prime Minister's two main points were that if we were patient the Americans might of their own accord pass us some information about the current series of explosions, and that we had no power to ask them to stop. Mr. ATTLEE asked if a debate might not be arranged, but Sir WINSTON thought not before Easter at any rate. This sparked off quite a chain reaction inside the House. Mr. WILLIAM WARBEY moved the immediate adjournment of the House under Standing Order No. 9 on a "definite matter of urgent public importance," i.e. the refusal of the Prime Minister to discuss the explosions with the U.S.A. The Speaker would have none of this, in spite of a good deal of heated argument during which so many Members were speaking at once that he had to resort to a kind of sergeant-major's rasp to restore order. Then Mr. MICHAEL STEWART moved the adjournment on account of the possible danger to British subjects from any further hydrogen-bomb explosions. This seemed a much more reasonable proposition, but the Speaker would not wear that either. The tumult went on for a short while, but at last the Speaker cut across it with a final rasp and the House turned apathetically to Mr. DAVID GAMMANS's Telegraph Bill, which only a few days since had itself raised clouds of steam. Not even the committee stage of the Atomic Energy



"The Telegraph Service has for years been a declining service."

Mr. David Gammans

Authority Bill, which came on later in the evening, could recapture the House's interest.

### Wednesday, March 31

Their Lordships, having had time to think it over, debated the Sydney Conference. Lord BALFOUR OF INCHRYE opened with an *exposé* of G.A.T.T. on the lines popularized by the noble Lord, Lord BEAVERBROOK, in another place. In his reply Lord SWINTON used the phrase "It is not fair to say that a customs union which enables a group of countries to encircle themselves with an all-embracing prohibitive tariff ring is a blessed thing, and the looser and far less prohibitive system of Imperial Preference is something wicked." This made the Peers laugh, being perhaps the first time on record that poliomyelitis has been thought funny.

The Prime Minister's "almost hourly" communication with the United States over the hydrogen bomb had evidently taken a critical turn; for Sir WINSTON, who the previous day had not seen much hope of a debate on the subject before Easter, now conceded that it would be a good thing to have one on Monday. The subject was raised by Mr. SILVERMAN, who had proposed that we should renounce the use of these bombs; after a non-committal reply from Sir WINSTON, he launched into a supplementary that surveyed the whole field of "unorthodox" warfare at considerable length. "I hope," the Prime Minister told him kindly, "that if the hon. Member is called upon to speak in Monday's debate, the oration he has

just delivered will not disqualify him on the grounds that he has already spoken."

In answer to an earlier question, the Assistant Postmaster-General had given a list of the Members who had appeared in the television programme "In the News," which the Opposition allege to show a heavy bias in favour of the Government. The figures came out remarkably even; Mr. CALLAGHAN headed the list with thirteen appearances, Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD came next with twelve, and the leading Conservatives were Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY and Mr. S. J. McADDEN with eleven each.

The business of the day was the consideration in committee of the Housing Repairs and Rents Bill on recommitment.

### Thursday, April 1

Mr. EDEN's statement about the curious suggestion from Russia that the Russians should join N.A.T.O. treated that proposal with the caution it deserved. One Opposition Member appealed to the Government to "treat this offer in the spirit in which it was made"; but it seemed that there was uncertainty about what that spirit was.

If it was part of the Russian programme to drive the proverbial wedge between Great Britain and the U.S.A., they were at any rate partly successful, for several Members on the Left, headed by Mr. GEORGE THOMAS, seized the opportunity to carp at the way the Americans had dealt with the note.

Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, who on Monday had asked the Foreign Secretary who was the "well-known lady" who had written to him asking for more lenient treatment for the Spandau prisoners,

now turned his attention to the Prime Minister. Mr. EDEN had refused information on chivalrous grounds, or so it seemed; Sir WINSTON was blunter, and simply said "I hope the hon. gentleman has not been devoting too much of his time to try to s-s-s-smell out details of private correspondence." Knowing Mr. LEWIS, we shall hear more of this lady.

Sir WINSTON also dealt with Mr. WARBEY's question on the possible use of hydrogen bombs by American aircraft from British bases. This episode finished in the most extraordinary way when Mr. JOHN MCGOVERN observed that some Members seemed more concerned with the safety of Russia than with the safety of England. He got the biggest cheer from the Tory benches that he can ever have had in his once-stormy life.

The guillotine fell on the last day of the Housing debate at half-past ten. Mr. BEVAN, with a few well-chosen words about "ignominious surrender by the Minister" and "defending the interests of private property," forced a final division, and the thing was done.

### Friday, April 2

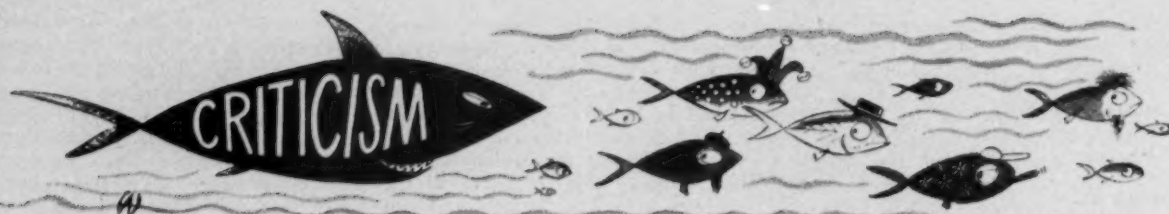
Mr. ALPORT, lucky in the ballot for the second week running, moved an important resolution calling for redefinition of the responsibilities of the Colonial Office and the Commonwealth Relations Office. Some of his proposals may have smelt at times a bit too strongly of Whitehall, or perhaps of Great Smith Street; but basically they commanded the agreement, or at any rate the respect, of a well-attended House.

B. A. YOUNG



Lord Jowitt, fugitive criminal





## BOOKING OFFICE

### Cast a Cold Eye

**Silas Marner.** George Eliot. Zodiac Press, 10/6

**George Eliot.** Robert Speaight. English Novelists Series. Arthur Barker, 7/6

LIKE all the major Victorian novelists except Meredith, George Eliot used the ordinary commercial novel for her own purposes. She gave her public every popular ingredient they could expect. Over-meticulous examination of her texts has distracted critics from the Pears Annual side of her work. Books like *The Mill on the Floss* long lived a subterranean life, along with Dream Books, among occasional readers in kitchens. It is misleading to approach Hetty Sorrel or Maggie Tulliver only in the light of their creator's contributions to the highbrow reviews.

*Silas Marner* undoubtedly struck its first public as a very competent tear-jerker. I read it as a small boy and had remembered it only as a very sentimental account of how a miser's frozen heart was thawed by a flaxen-haired moppet. When I read it again in the new Zodiac Press edition I was surprised at the complexity of its variations on a simple folk-tale. These variations are suggested mainly in the commentary, which to the popular audience may have seemed rather long-winded and distracting, but to the modern reader is packed with layer on layer of psychological and social interest.

In his straightforward and illuminating little book on *George Eliot* Mr. Robert Speaight, who is on the look-out for vestiges of faith amid the agnostic wastes, assumes the point of the story is the redemption of the miser; but George Eliot's methods are oblique and the themes of her novels are considerably more sophisticated than her plots. Mr. Speaight does notice that her titles rarely indicate the most important element in the novel. *Silas Marner* is an historical novel, like *Shirley*, and its theme is the moral disintegration of the squirearchy in the artificial prosperity created by the Napoleonic Wars. This explains the repeated references to agricultural profiteering, which otherwise

seem dragged in. As a competent social historian George Eliot sketches in textile operatives and cottagers and country customs and town squalor with bravura efficiency; but her real concern is with the class that she knew best. Her father was an estate agent, an artisan who made himself into a professional man. She knew, from just below, the smaller gentry, lawyers, clergy and doctors, and she saw their moral fibre weaken compared with that of men who lived tighter to the soil.



The young Squire, Godfrey Cass, a weakling like Arthur Donnithorne in *Adam Bede*, conceals his marriage to a slut because he is courting Nancy, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. He is at last able to marry her because the slut conveniently dies in the snow on the way to claim her rights from him. At each stage he gets into difficulties because he is trying to avoid immediate injury to somebody. George Eliot is the moralist of the hand-to-mouth and she follows each twist of his weakness mercilessly. Under its saccharine, *Silas Marner* is rather a brutal little book. Godfrey learns that the waif adopted by the miser is his daughter, and tries to persuade Nancy to adopt her without telling her the truth; but

when she opposes the plan because it would be interfering with God's will he lets it slide. An accident reveals that the thief who took the miser's gold many years before was Godfrey's blackguard brother, and the family disgrace is so overwhelming that Godfrey goes one stage further and confesses his past to Nancy. At once she says the child must be acknowledged and removed: she is legitimate.

In the key-scene of the novel the couple visit the Marners to announce the good news and are left helpless when Eppie firmly refuses to leave the man who has treated her as a true father, and insists on remaining in the class in which she feels at home and within which she is intending to marry. The comedy is delicate and ruthless. In a beautifully observed piece of condescension Nancy tries to chat to Eppie about gardening. The ungrateful girl loyally refuses to climb up the social ladder. On their return home Nancy, mingling sweetness and rectitude, gets her husband to continue concealing his shabby secret from her family and to resign himself to the childlessness she claims is God's will. She then very gently stings up his self-reproach. Nancy is one of the neatest female portraits in English fiction, and from the time we first meet her as a girl she is never exaggerated. Mauriac, or even Simenon, would have spent dozens of pages on making her into a melodramatic monster. George Eliot gives her little space but every stroke tells.

In these later scenes of *Silas Marner* George Eliot's kinship with Miss Compton-Burnett comes out clearly. Both ladies convert the raw material of melodrama into social and psychological comedy. It is here rather than in the heavy dialect humours, the hinds carousing in the alehouse, that George Eliot amuses. Mr. Speaight, emphasizing her "seriousness," ignores her wit. Even *Adam Bede*, with its stock wicked squire, ruined dairymaid, murder trial, last-minute reprieve and beautiful missioner, as in *Guys and Dolls*, investigates with brilliantly accurate malice the distortions of English conduct-patterns caused by the polar attractions of the Rectory and the Hall. The richness of

moral comedy in *Middlemarch*, now often called the greatest English novel, was prefigured in the earlier books, before the "popular" formula was dropped.

R. G. G. PRICE

**The Man Without Qualities** (Vol. II.) Robert Musil. Secker and Warburg, 25/-

This second volume of Robert Musil's great work (excellently translated by Ethne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser) has the sub-title: "The Like of It Now Happens." It will be remembered that the scene is Vienna in 1913; preparations are being made for the "Collateral Campaign," the great festival to celebrate the seventieth year of the Emperor Franz Josef's reign. Ulrich, "the man without qualities"—perhaps rather "the man uncertain of himself"—as secretary of the official committee of this celebration, finds himself in opposition to Arnheim, the Prussian Jew, an overpowering commercial magnate, who has also occupied himself with the "Campaign," partly on account of a love affair. Some think Arnheim a Russian spy; others, that he wishes to make huge purchases in the Galician oilfields.

Musil is perhaps not in the very first rank as a novelist, but he is an immensely intelligent writer, at his best when describing characters from the high ranks of the Imperial and Royal Civil Service, the caste to which he himself belonged. He is too fond of ideas, perhaps, ever to be wholly successful with individuals. Some of the book is not easy reading, but there is much that is greatly enjoyable in the best satirical manner.

A. P.

**Johnny's Sister.** Leigh Howard. Longman's, 10/6

David Williams was a physicist who knew Norway and Norwegian, so the Government dropped him in Norway to organize the destruction of a German heavy-water plant. If he had been more carefully screened the Government would have perhaps discovered that he was so naïve and indiscreet that as soon as he got to Oslo he would give the plot away to a girl, kept by a German naval officer, who allowed herself to be seduced on his first visit; and thus let himself in for shooting her in the back when his error was pointed out to him by the Norwegian underground. The story is, in fact, unconvincing. On the other hand, that part of it which deals with the planning and execution of the raid is exciting and bears the stamp of veracity.

B. A. Y.

**Oxford Triumphant.** Norman Longmate. Phoenix House, 16/-

This is an entertaining attempt to give a complete account of post-war Oxford. The unstarched social relations between men and women and the large active membership of religious bodies are the main changes from the Oxford of twenty years ago. Mr. Longmate, probably misled by various disgruntled polemics,

does not realize that even then the majority of undergraduates were financially assisted and that brutalized violence did not stunt the whole life of the University: it was quite exceptional.

He likes the "atmosphere," the *Isis*, for which he worked, the multiplicity of societies and the width of Oxford's educational intentions. He attacks the lecture system as pre-Caxton with the visual learner's usual contempt for the audile learner. He shows no appreciation of the functions of a University in the preservation and advancement of knowledge, and only his incuriosity about the Arts can explain his puritanical attitude to the lower Honours degrees: many Oxford poets and painters who lived rich lives as undergraduates were poor examinees. His book is full of interesting detail and enjoyably infuriating tosh.

R. G. G. P.

**Pio Nono.** E. E. Y. Hales. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25/-

Here is the story of a great cleric who, coming to office with a real zest for progress, suddenly and shatteringly found that liberty in the wrong hands—Mazzini's hands for instance—might turn to outrageous license and, recoiling, reacted so completely as to be reckoned an immovable opponent of advance in scientific thought no less than in democratic government. He is to-day the historic champion of rule by an absolutist

451



"It's only fair to tell Madam that the parfumeurs are frankly unable to set limits to the seductive powers of this one or to calculate in advance what its main effects will be."

Church in temporal conjointly with spiritual concerns.

All this the writer, though by no means extremely ultra-montane in outlook, aims to reduce by interpreting the Pope's pronouncements in terms of the stresses of a local conflict involving the overthrow of the Papal States in the days of the *risorgimento* and even more by questioning the validity of those very ideals of human freedom that swept the 19th century. Such a thesis calls for ingenious special pleading, the notorious Syllabus of Errors and the definition of the Infallibility carrying qualities abhorrent to Protestant ears, but at the very least Mr. Hales has given us a new Pio Nono, a man lovable, humorous, courageous and sincere.

C. C. P.

**AT THE PLAY**

*Pal Joey* (PRINCES)

THERE used to be an old-fashioned idea in the theatre that light entertainment should please. Its job was to make us laugh, to provide a love-piltre through which we could share the romance of a dashing hero or a dazzling heroine, or to offer an opium-dream crowning our least hopeful ambitions with glory. A formula safely based, one would think, on all the elementary human impulses. Since the war, however, the Americans have turned it upside down, asking us to worship toughness for

toughness' sake, sadden our hearts with the frustrations of the common man, and identify ourselves with the scourings of the city gaols. In the much gentler pattern of *The King and I*, going out unashamedly for charm, is a comforting hint that the Broadway musical may have passed the peak of morbidity, but it is interesting to find that as early as 1940 RODGERS and HART should have written a musical carefully calculated to have no charm whatever.

Far from being a love-philtre, *Pal Joey* is an emetic. With one exception—a nitwit girl—none of the characters is even momentarily attractive (compare *Gypsy* and *Dolls*, where by a remarkable feat of writing and presentation a crew of out-and-out thugs is made curiously lovable). *Pal Joey* could scarcely be more calculatedly sordid. A rich woman buys a nauseating gigolo, sets him up in a flat and a night-club, and throws him out on the street again when he palls. We could easily have been persuaded to like him, and to believe that the woman was in love; but as it is the whole thing is utterly cynical. Wit might have saved it, but for that we are given grubby little bedroom jokes; for a story a rambling series of night-club scenes in which half-clad girls demonstrate yet again the infinite boredom of anatomy.

Good tunes would have helped, so would a good comedian, so would some singing voices. The lyrics are all sung at cabaret level, and CAROL BRUCE delighted the first-night audience with "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered,"

which she delivered more skilfully than it deserved. In a thankless part she contrives to put considerable gloss on a woman with a cheque-book, no morals, and unfortunately no feelings. HAROLD LANG mitigates the gigolo, whom one longs to kick from start to finish, by some extremely agile dancing, and as a starry-eyed shop-girl SALLY BAZELY seems to have strayed in from one of the innocent frolics of long ago.

ERIC KEOWN

#### *The Enchanted* (ARTS)

This is merely a matter of life and death. "There's certainly something queer going on," says the Supervisor of Weights and Measures; and there is. Since the dramatist is M. JEAN GIRAUDOUX, we are not surprised. It is a detailed, decorative fantasy; it is also a relishing satire. We hear the owls scream and the crickets cry. A ghost walks (but we cannot be sure for two acts whether he is a ghost or not). A provincial French Mayor is baffled, and nobody can look more magnificently baffled than Mr. CHARLES LLOYD PACK. The piece, now flickering into poetry, now frothing into farce, would have alarmed Mr. Curdle who demanded "a general oneness." Never mind: what does matter is that GIRAUDOUX, while floating from mood to mood, can always hold the theatre. Some of the capers might be cut; we notice expendable passages in the second act; but at the last we do leave the theatre as enchanted

as the little French town in the moonshine of early summer.

Mr. MAURICE VALENCY has smoothed along the translation. His producer, Mr. JOHN FERNALD, is lucky to have Miss VALERIE HANSON as the innocent heroine who likes nothing so much as a debate on the Hereafter, with any convenient ghost, among the hellebore and henbane at the lakeside. The part might have thinned into whimsy. Miss HANSON keeps it fresh. We are glad that she escapes from death during the last few minutes of the play when a philosophical doctor (Mr. LIONEL JEFFRIES), conducting a frenzied orchestra of his own, summons her back to life and to the arms of the Supervisor of Weights and Measures (Mr. EMRYS JONES in understandable ecstasy). I repeat: just a question of life and death.

J. C. TREWIN

#### Recommended

The doldrums continuing, catch up on *A Question of Fact* (Piccadilly), *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket), and *Airs on a Shoestring* (Royal Court.)



#### AT THE PICTURES

*West of Zanzibar*—Madame de . . .

FICTION about Africa, for some reason, is box-office; build a story round what are essentially documentary shots of the scenery and animals of Africa, and innumerable people will queue to see it who would not go even across the road to see those same shots as part of a documentary film. Any story will do, however simple, however tenuous. So here we have *West of Zanzibar* (Director: HARRY WATT), which bears all the marks of a deliberately contrived sequel to the same director's *Where No Vultures Fly*.

I have something of a blind spot for stories of this kind: I like the animals and the scenery, but the narrative on which they are strung—in these two instances, at any rate—has a consciously straightforward, vigorously healthy, breezily high-minded quality which I ought not to but do find fatal to real enjoyment. It is symptomatic that the central figure here might just as well be called the hero: that same Bob Payton the game warden whose concern in the earlier picture was mainly for animals. His aim in this one is to help the Galana tribe, which is being ruined by the easy money that tempts its young men into ivory-poaching.

The framework of the story is simple enough: the game warden does a bit of amateur detection in and around Mombasa to trace the chief villains. The way he traces them, and the rough-house with them at the end, are shown in very much the same way as they would be in any thick-ear melodrama set in more conventional and less picturesque surroundings. The one touch of something like reality comes in a little scene where one

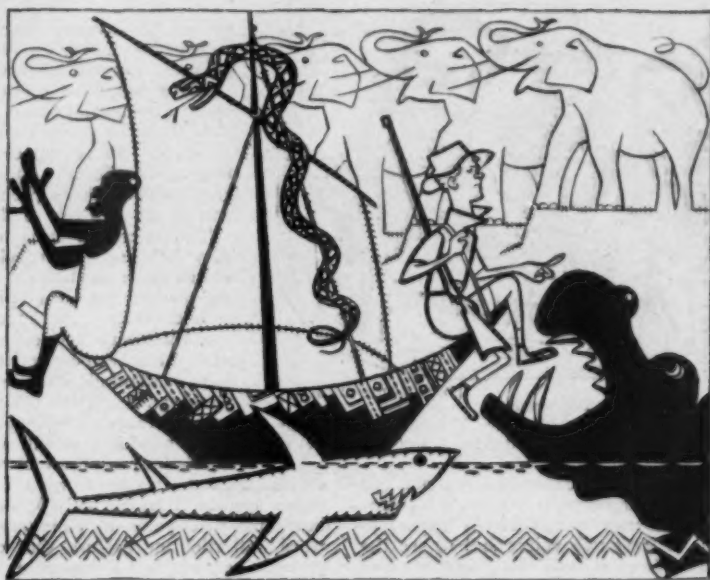


(*Pal Joey*)

Vera Simpson—MISS CAROL BRUCE

Joey—MR. HAROLD LANG





Bob Payton—ANTHONY STIEL

(West of Zanzibar)

of the villains explains his motives: MARTIN BENSON as a dishonest lawyer is so convincingly bitter as to make the main story seem even more schoolboyish by contrast.

But as always, the surroundings, the pictures of fact, are very well worth looking at. There seems to have been an effort this time to get away from the device of following a shot of a phenomenon with a shot of the fictional characters supposed to be looking at it; but I would prefer that to some of the very obvious back-projection here, which simply has the effect of spoiling a good visual with a couple of figures pasted on in the foreground.

I'm sorry to be so sour about this picture, which undeniably has much good in it; apart from its documentary virtues, there are one or two excellently edited action sequences (the capsizing boat, for instance). The trouble is that, except visually, it simply didn't entertain me very much. Happily many thousands of people will love it.

*Madame de . . .* (Director: MAX OPHULS) is the greatest possible contrast: elegant, mannered, artificial, with a symmetrically contrived plot, elaborately dressed, not simple psychologically and by no means breezy. This is adapted from LOUISE DE VILMORIN's short novel, and there is something to be said for the view that a charming trifle has been twisted and puffed out into a heavily emotional drama. It is the story of Madame de . . . 's earrings, a present from her husband, sold by her to a jeweller, bought back by her husband and given to his mistress, sold by her . . .

Anyway, in short, they get back to Madame de . . . by way of an amorous diplomatist; there is a duel, she dies of shock, and the husband is the only survivor of the three. This balanced design is stylishly worked out in the Ophuls manner, with a smoothly gliding camera and much affectionate dwelling on the details of nineteenth-century costume and behaviour; and DANIELLE DARRIEUX, CHARLES BOYER and VITTORIO DE SICA perform it very nicely. But the attempt to make it emotional was misguided.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The gayest recent one still in London is *Doctor in the House* (31/3/54); extremely good entertainment. That long loud laugh *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53) continues. *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54) for brilliant film-making and unequalled suspense.

Of the releases, the only one noticed here is *The Good Die Young* (17/3/54), which is an unsatisfactory crime story. *Hondo* is a good Western on much the same lines as *Shane*.

RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE BALLET

*The Lady and the Fool*  
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THAT a new ballet by young Mr. JOHN CRANKO is an artistic affair of some importance was clearly indicated by the audience which assembled in Islington last Wednesday evening. The occasion was the first performance

in London of *The Lady and the Fool* which unfolds a charming romance of Mr. CRANKO's own devising, in the tradition of Pierrot's love affairs, for which Mr. CHARLES MACKERRAS has gathered and pieced together fragments from early and unfamiliar music of Verdi. It may well prove to be as attractive to the public as *Pineapple Poll* which the same collaboration has already added to the repertory of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

In three scenes the ballet tells how La Capricciosa, a fashionable beauty, gallantly escorted on her way to a ball, encounters two tattered clowns, one tall and lean (Moondog), and the other short and stumpy (Bootface), who, asleep on a street bench, wake to the vision of loveliness. Love at first sight starts its witchery. Since the lank clown is impersonated by so gifted a dancer as Mr. KENNETH MACMILLAN his final captivation of the lady, after gate-crashing the ballroom, is inevitable. But its accomplishment is not immediate, and so an agreeable pattern of dance is woven wherein minor flirtations, expectations and disappointments have their entertaining place, and show Mr. CRANKO's choreography to much advantage.

In the leading part Miss PATRICIA MILLER's vivacious elegance is so movingly touched with sincerity that the character all but breaks through the gossamer web of artifice. As Signora Scintillarda, the hostess, Miss DOREEN TEMPEST is as good as her name and dances with great verve and sparkle and, with her two lovers (Messrs. DONALD BRITTON and FIRMIN TRECU) and their wives (Misses PAULINE WADSWORTH and SARA NEIL), adds humour to the gaiety of a totally high-spirited conceit. In the end the Lady is sharing the street bench with Moondog, and Bootface is at her feet.

Capricious lighting and clumsy garments gave the ballet an unpromising start, and even in the ballroom the costumes by Mr. RICHARD BEER, a newcomer to this field, were not altogether happy. It may be courageous to put orange against magenta, but while the ear is charmed by the melodious Verdi patchwork the eye might be afforded a corresponding harmony of colour. There is doubtless a reason for Miss MILLER being masked for much of her dancing, but the hiding of her very pretty face needs a lot of justifying. Having had only an oblique view of the stage it would not be fair to offer an opinion on Mr. BEER's settings.

On the whole it may be said that Mr. CRANKO continues to justify the hope that is reposed in him and which will enable us next year to see his first full-length ballet. But he will do well to ponder further the economy and discipline exercised by such masters as Ashton and Balanchine. Too often *The Lady and the Fool* suggests an improvised romp—delightful to watch but a shade out of hand.

C. B. MORTLOCK



## ON THE AIR

Mr. Eden's "At Home"

CONSIDERED purely as entertainment the Conservatives' party political television broadcast was a success and therefore a vast improvement on the recent efforts of the Liberals and the Labour Party. The programme was bright, breezy and good-humoured: Mr. Eden, mellow and relaxed, lounged easily in the bright lights and dispensed crisp panaceas as fast as his questioners could pose their problems. His was, indeed, a most polished and impressive performance, and I have no doubt that it delighted every Tory who accepts the status quo in the party's hierarchy.

I doubt, however, whether the programme achieved much more than this. The waverers, the "floating voters" and fence-sitters would not be convinced by Mr. Eden's oracular pronouncements, nor be impressed by the panel's immediate and whole-hearted acceptance of his infallibility. It is not enough to sweep away the housewife's housekeeping dilemma with a laconic "Perhaps it's because people are eating more."

All three parties have made the mistake, I think, of underestimating the intelligence of their television audience and the difficulties of the medium. Television viewers have had plenty of opportunity during the past few years—in such programmes as those of Aidan Crawley, Christopher Mayhew, Alan Bullock and the late Chester Wilmot—of acquiring a taste for balanced opinion,



The Oracle

[Party Political Broadcast

Mr. John Nixon Browne, M.P., Mr. Peter Thomas, M.P., Mr. Ray Mawby, Miss Edith Pitt, M.P., and Mr. Anthony Eden, M.P.

for non-partisan, objective discussion and reasoned argument. When a controversial matter is raised they expect to hear at least two voices and to see the picture from at least two points of view. And I question whether they will now accept the open partisanship of typical party political broadcasts even when such efforts are conducted by official spokesmen as eminent and charming as Mr. Eden.

Television is a cruel medium. Mannerisms and stratagems that succeed on the platform and the stage often seem shamefully transparent and obvious on the screen. A platform orator has the benefit of "atmosphere" before he opens his mouth: the audience is expectant, ready to listen and absorb ideas and opinions, ready to be amused by the tricks of the trade and the speaker's idiosyncrasies. To some members of the audience the speaker is a tiny blob at the other end of

the hall, while to others he is as large as life; and to interest all he must employ extravagant gestures, amplified tones and highly dramatic language. And if at times he plays his hand too boldly the audience will forgive him, for the audience knows the speaker's problems and has its own rôle to play.

The television audience is very different. Every viewer sits at the same distance from the speaker: there is no pit, no second circle, no "gods." And there is no "atmosphere" until it has been created in the hearts and minds of the unseen watchers. The television speaker cannot afford to take risks, assume goodwill and a charitable acceptance of verbal

sleight-of-hand. In other words the television speaker must not only be sincere but must take pains to eliminate any word, inflection or gesture that could possibly be construed as insincere.

All three party political broadcasts on television have failed in this respect: Labour used a phony documentary approach and fooled nobody, the Liberals gabbled through set speeches like door-to-door brush-salesmen, and the Conservatives tried to pretend that carefully-prepared but over-simplified answers were produced spontaneously. Those "TV Cells" planned by the Tories for the next General Election will prove something of a liability unless the politicians can master the gentle art of making sincerity sound sincere. And Labour's Film and TV Unit is advised to take a longish refresher course before committing its next so-called documentary to celluloid.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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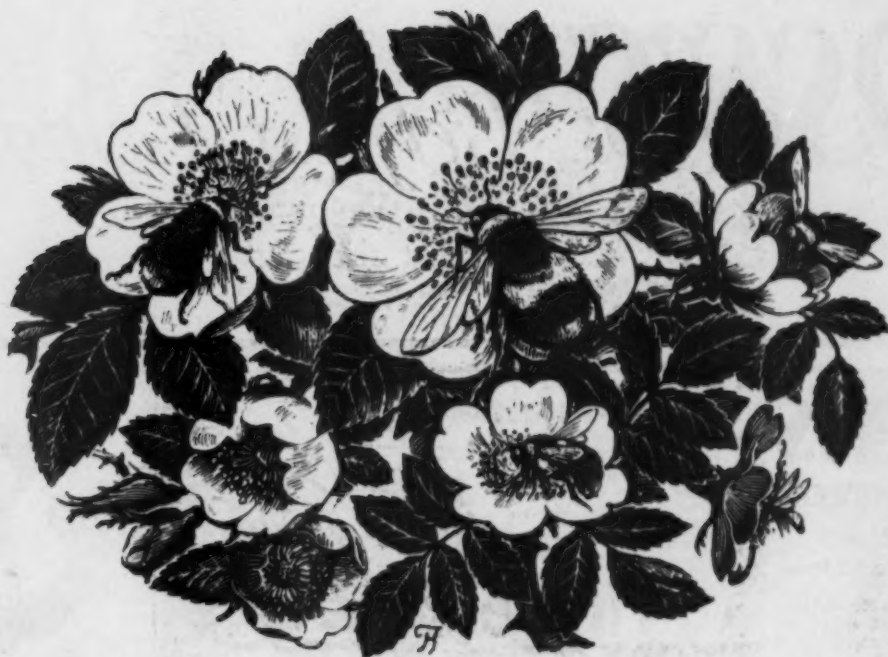
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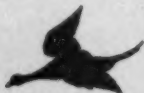


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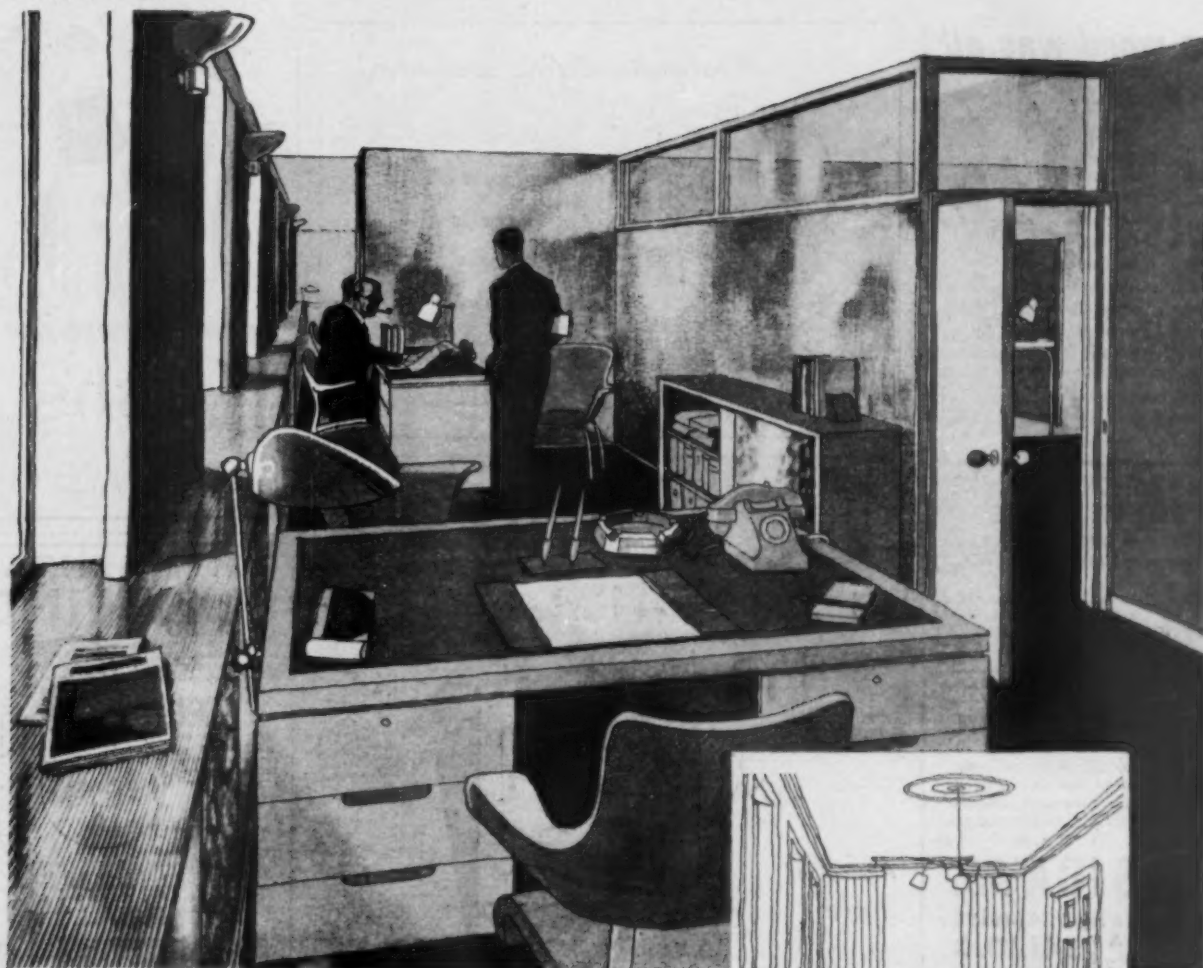
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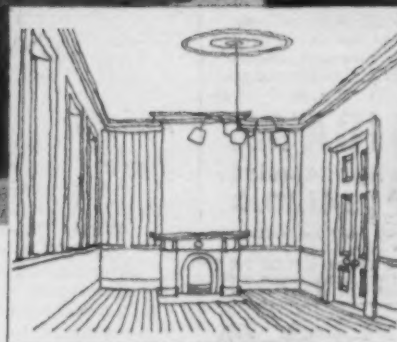


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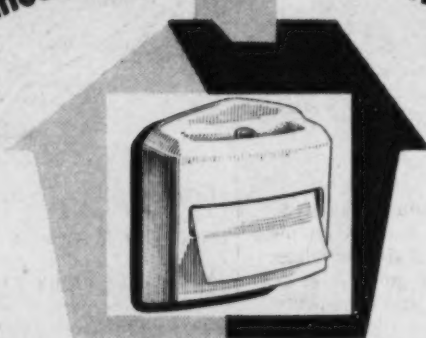
UNDERWEAR

SLUMBERWEAR

OUTERWEAR

**Cherub**  
for CHILDREN

For modern homes a modern fitting



At only 7/6, Jeyes' Modern Toilet Fitting is really wonderful value — and you get **two** packets of Jeyes' Interfolded Toilet Paper too! This high quality white glazed pottery fitting gives an important additional touch of refinement — and it will last a lifetime. It is simple to fix; screws and Rawlplugs are provided.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Grocers, Hardware Stores, etc.

**JEYES'**  
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The Toilet Fitting shown above and **two 7/6**  
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The Brush with the  
2 Years Guarantee  
**VULFIX**  
"Service"  
Shaving BRUSH  
prices from 3'6 to 20'



THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH COMPANY LIMITED.  
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a clear case for

**Cash's**

WOVEN  
NAME TAPES

## CONTINENTAL SUNBLIND

Protects your door, prevents blisters on paint, added weather protection for open casement windows.

Fitted in 10 minutes, removed and replaced in a matter of seconds.

With extra heavy-weight, heavy-duty cover, securely taped & hemmed.

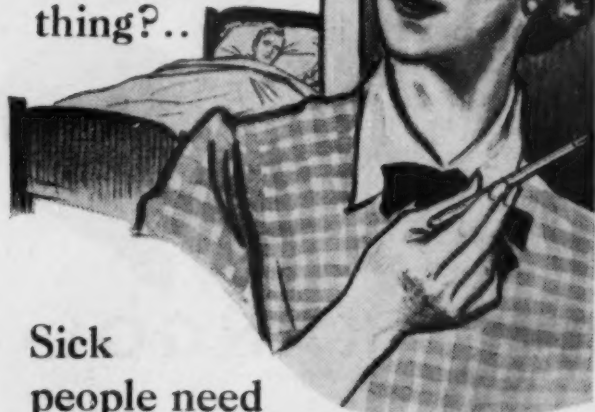
In 3" red stripe on a natural ground, or 3" green stripe.

(State colour.)

Polished selected ash frame. Make your home admired, envied, gay and cheerful, give that new look to caravans, houses, bungalows and all windows.

Other sizes: 3ft. 6in. 35/-, 4ft. 6in. 40/-, 5ft. 6in. 45/-, 6ft. 6in. 50/-, 7ft. 6in. 55/-, 8ft. 6in. 60/-, 9ft. 6in. 65/-, 10ft. 6in. 70/-, 11ft. 6in. 75/-, 12ft. 6in. 80/-, 13ft. 6in. 85/-, 14ft. 6in. 90/-, 15ft. 6in. 95/-, 16ft. 6in. 100/-, 17ft. 6in. 105/-, 18ft. 6in. 110/-, 19ft. 6in. 115/-, 20ft. 6in. 120/-, 21ft. 6in. 125/-, 22ft. 6in. 130/-, 23ft. 6in. 135/-, 24ft. 6in. 140/-, 25ft. 6in. 145/-, 26ft. 6in. 150/-, 27ft. 6in. 155/-, 28ft. 6in. 160/-, 29ft. 6in. 165/-, 30ft. 6in. 170/-, 31ft. 6in. 175/-, 32ft. 6in. 180/-, 33ft. 6in. 185/-, 34ft. 6in. 190/-, 35ft. 6in. 195/-, 36ft. 6in. 200/-, 37ft. 6in. 205/-, 38ft. 6in. 210/-, 39ft. 6in. 215/-, 40ft. 6in. 220/-, 41ft. 6in. 225/-, 42ft. 6in. 230/-, 43ft. 6in. 235/-, 44ft. 6in. 240/-, 45ft. 6in. 245/-, 46ft. 6in. 250/-, 47ft. 6in. 255/-, 48ft. 6in. 260/-, 49ft. 6in. 265/-, 50ft. 6in. 270/-, 51ft. 6in. 275/-, 52ft. 6in. 280/-, 53ft. 6in. 285/-, 54ft. 6in. 290/-, 55ft. 6in. 295/-, 56ft. 6in. 300/-, 57ft. 6in. 305/-, 58ft. 6in. 310/-, 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166ft. 6in. 850/-, 167ft. 6in. 855/-, 168ft. 6in. 860/-, 169ft. 6in. 865/-, 170ft. 6in. 870/-, 171ft. 6in. 875/-, 172ft. 6in. 880/-, 173ft. 6in. 885/-, 174ft. 6in. 890/-, 175ft. 6in. 895/-, 176ft. 6in. 900/-, 177ft. 6in. 905/-, 178ft. 6in. 910/-, 179ft. 6in. 915/-, 180ft. 6in. 920/-, 181ft. 6in. 925/-, 182ft. 6in. 930/-, 183ft. 6in. 935/-, 184ft. 6in. 940/-, 185ft. 6in. 945/-, 186ft. 6in. 950/-, 187ft. 6in. 955/-, 188ft. 6in. 960/-, 189ft. 6in. 965/-, 190ft. 6in. 970/-, 191ft. 6in. 975/-, 192ft. 6in. 980/-, 193ft. 6in. 985/-, 194ft. 6in. 990/-, 195ft. 6in. 995/-, 196ft. 6in. 1000/-, 197ft. 6in. 1005/-, 198ft. 6in. 1010/-, 199ft. 6in. 1015/-, 200ft. 6in. 1020/-, 201ft. 6in. 1025/-, 202ft. 6in. 1030/-, 203ft. 6in. 1035/-, 204ft. 6in. 1040/-, 205ft. 6in. 1045/-, 206ft. 6in. 1050/-, 207ft. 6in. 1055/-, 208ft. 6in. 1060/-, 209ft. 6in. 1065/-, 210ft. 6in. 1070/-, 211ft. 6in. 1075/-, 212ft. 6in. 1080/-, 213ft. 6in. 1085/-, 214ft. 6in. 1090/-, 215ft. 6in. 1095/-, 216ft. 6in. 1100/-, 217ft. 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6in. 2105/-, 418ft. 6in. 2110/-, 419ft. 6in. 2115/-, 420ft. 6in. 2120/-, 421ft. 6in. 2125/-, 422ft. 6in. 2130/-, 423ft. 6in. 2135/-, 424ft. 6in. 2140/-, 425ft. 6in. 2145/-, 426ft. 6in. 2150/-, 427ft. 6in. 2155/-, 428ft. 6in. 2160/-, 429ft. 6in. 2165/-, 430ft. 6in. 2170/-, 431ft. 6in. 2175/-, 432ft. 6in. 2180/-, 433ft. 6in. 2185/-, 434ft. 6in. 2190/-, 435ft. 6in. 2195/-, 436ft. 6in. 2200/-, 437ft. 6in. 2205/-, 438ft. 6in. 2210/-, 439ft. 6in. 2215/-, 440ft. 6in. 2220/-, 441ft. 6in. 2225/-, 442ft. 6in. 2230/-, 443ft. 6in. 2235/-, 444ft. 6in. 2240/-, 445ft. 6in. 2245/-, 446ft. 6in. 2250/-, 447ft. 6in. 2255/-, 448ft. 6in. 2260/-, 449ft. 6in. 2265/-, 450ft. 6in. 2270/-, 451ft. 6in. 2275/-, 452ft. 6in. 2280/-, 453ft. 6in. 2285/-, 454ft. 6in. 2290/-, 455ft. 6in. 2295/-, 456ft. 6in. 2300/-, 457ft. 6in. 2305/-, 458ft. 6in. 2310/-, 459ft. 6in. 2315/-, 460ft. 6in. 2320/-, 461ft. 6in. 2325/-, 462ft. 6in. 2330/-, 463ft. 6in. 2335/-, 464ft. 6in. 2340/-, 465ft. 6in. 2345/-, 466ft. 6in. 2350/-, 467ft. 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You're not  
forgetting  
the most  
important  
thing?..



Sick  
people need  
*protein* to  
speed  
recovery

WHEN people are ill or feverish, they feel a natural aversion to eating. But in fact they *do* need food, especially body-building protein. The trouble is, their digestions aren't capable of dealing with ordinary food and extracting from it the nourishment they so badly need.

But they can safely take Brand's Essence. This clear jelly presents protein of fine beef or chicken in solution, fat-free, so that there is *nothing* in it to irritate. What's more, Brand's Essence, cooked under high pressure at a high temperature (something you just couldn't do at home) is what you might call "pre-digested"; it has already undergone the first stage of digestion, which normally takes place in the stomach.

Thus Brand's Essence is very easily absorbed, quickly

supplying valuable nourishment without strain on the system. But it also stimulates the digestive juices and so encourages *natural* appetite. Your invalid is soon able to take more food—and start on the road to real recovery.

Because of this twofold action, Brand's Essence is equally effective in minor ailments—'flu, colds, stomach upsets, or when someone is "too tired to eat." You should always keep a jar of Brand's in reserve, in case a member of the family falls ill, or even feels "off-colour." There is nothing else like it—valuable protein, pre-digested, palatable, and so easy for you to give when you're extra busy with sickness in the house.



**Brand's Essence**  
Beef 3/3 Chicken 4/3

Commander Coke  
(R.N. ret'd.) is a large  
man with a small farm and  
a huge appetite. Occasion-  
ally (when permitted)  
he kills a fatted calf.



For example, he killed one  
in April. And he was  
still eating Veal in  
August—with great  
gusto (and stuffing).

Amazing? Not really. You can do  
things like that when you possess a  
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prices) you can store fresh meat,  
game, poultry, fish, fruit and  
vegetables for months. By  
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**PRESTCOLD** refrigerators  
for the home



**£117.4.6** TAX PAID

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*lets you eat what you  
like when you like it*



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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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P.3

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I'm up to my eyes!"**

I've got the Chairman at 12... lunch with our  
American agent at 1... a meeting with the Union  
at 3... and I'm seeing next year's advertising at  
4.30... so Tuesday's out! No, fob the fellow off  
... I hate travellers, anyway. Who? A man from  
Sumlock! Good heavens, I wish you'd put me  
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he's just the man I want to see!"



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a cap with  
the ease of a beret  
Price 10/6  
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Patent and registered design pending



*A gracious welcome to your guests*

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Punch, April 7 1954

# DAKS suits



## for town...

The faultless tailoring, the beautiful cloth of the Daks town suit are an asset to any man. This suit, for all its smartness, gives you the relaxing ease which has made the name of Daks so famous. One cloth strongly recommended is this fine botany worsted—woven from superb two-fold yarn in a herringbone and overcheck design.

Simpson  
TAILORED

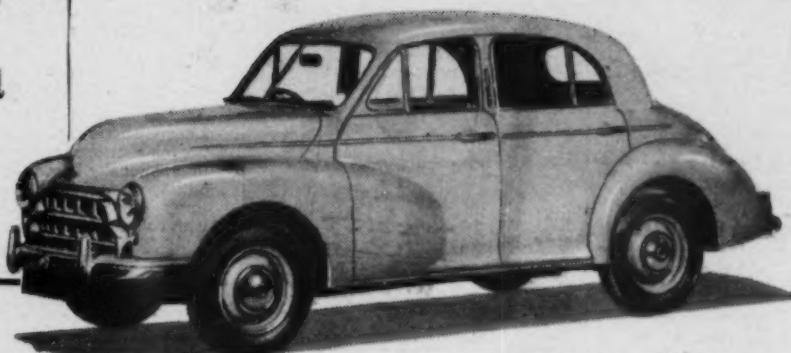
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The "Quality First"  
Oxford is a  
top gear  
car...



MIKE HAWTHORN,  
FAMOUS RACING DRIVER REPORTS—

"... I cruised for miles in top at 55-60 miles an hour. The Oxford is a top gear vehicle!"  
What else about the Morris Oxford particularly impressed Mike Hawthorn, writing in the "Sunday Express"? Comfort?—"This is a car for wallowing in it!" Driving ease?—"The Oxford will travel happily all day." Roominess?—"My passenger praised the comfort and the leg freedom." Opposite, Mike Hawthorn sums up the highlights of this remarkable car. His enthusiasm is the result of first-hand acquaintance—a fact-proving demonstration will convince you, too, that this Morris Oxford is quite outstanding in its class!



**MORRIS**  
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COMFORT	"A great deal"
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GEARBOX	"Smooth, quick change"

C.176A (54)

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—To M. Macaulay—

(General Manager for Great Britain and Ireland)

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

22, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Plan as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

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ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch 7.4.54

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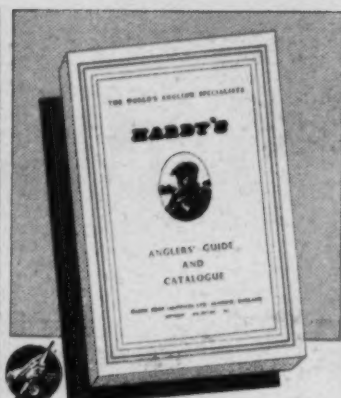
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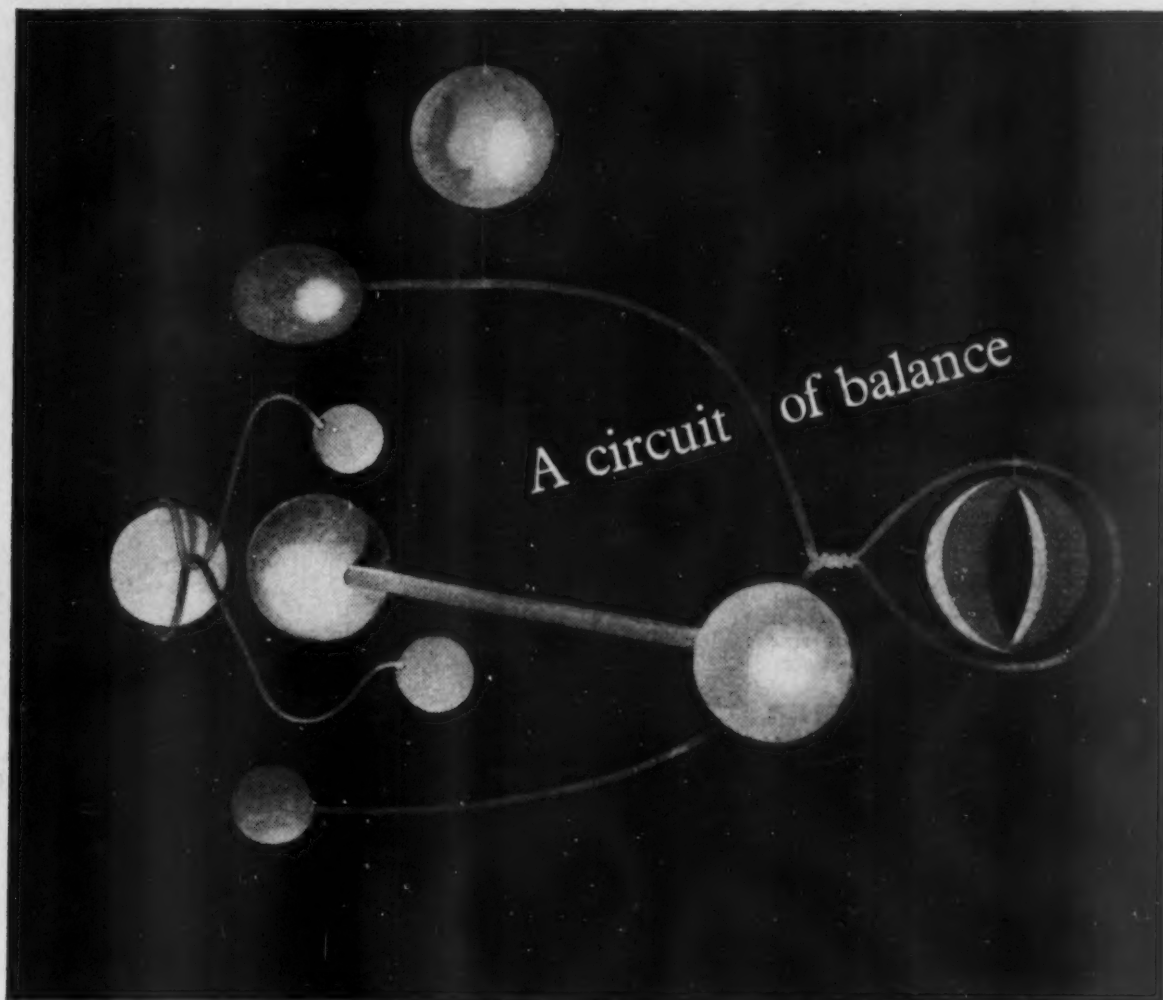
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Yet it is a circuit — and circuits are important to us. Our business — and most likely yours — could not exist without them. Within our domain are all the constituents of a complete, balanced circuit. We make the plant that makes the current, that carries the current that moderates the current that measures the current that controls the current that drives the wheels of industry into the future. We are the house that Crompton built — seventy-five years ago.

**When it comes to electrical equipment . . . you've got to**

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\* Just in case someone might read this and think we have left something out, let us explain that 'mobile' can be a noun as well as an adjective. It is a word used to describe a display of shapes that, like Crompton Parkinson, never stops moving to a good purpose.



SAY  
**"Noilly Prat"**  
 and your 'French'  
 will be perfect . . .  
*Here's the perfect way to serve it*

- ☆ **Gin and French.**  $\frac{1}{2}$  Gin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Noilly Prat.
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- ☆ **Short Noilly Prat.** Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
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Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS!!!"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver!]



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53/4/7

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... is his collar and cuffs. Just think about men in the public eye. Don't you agree? Everybody notices crisp, smart collars, elegant cuffs—not only women, but men, too. Men who matter.

That's why, next time you choose a shirt, you should take a good long look at the Radiac Rex, with its multiple-weave semi-stiff collars and cuffs. Feel them with your fingers; that will tell you more than any words in an advertisement. See how the collars are reinforced with tape inside the fold—so they present a neat 'roll' (no sharp edge!), wear longer and more comfortably. And the 'coat' cut of the sleeves ensures flat-lying cuffs.

Now you know why, in your Radiac Rex, you'll be a man to be noticed!

With 2 collars the Radiac Rex costs no more than 37/6. And you can buy extra collars and spare cuffs, too!



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If you have any difficulty in buying Radiac Rex shirts send us a postcard and we will gladly forward the name of your nearest stockists.

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Revolution  
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*to take place on YOUR premises*

Will you please have the guillotine ready? Because this revolution is going to cut down drastically the time, labour, disorganisation and expense of redecoration. The Executioner is PAMMASTIC, the revolutionary paint discovery of our age. PAMMASTIC costs less than an ordinary paint, is as cheap as distemper to apply, and looks like a good flat enamel. It needs no undercoat or primer and dries in under two hours, without unpleasant after-smell. It is washable and scrubbable and *lasts indefinitely*—thus cutting down the frequency as well as the cost of redecoration.

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Laboratory check on a magnetron intended for use in radar equipment.

## PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE possibility of using radio to detect and locate unseen objects has intrigued scientists since the turn of the century, but it was not until the advent of the multi-cavity magnetron during the late war that the history of modern radar began.

Radar targets are located by a beam of radio waves which upon striking an object are reflected to the sender. The direction of the beam when it is reflected, and the time taken by the waves on their outward and return journeys, indicate the exact position of the target.

For the system to be sensitive and accurate, the range of the transmitted beam must be long and its width narrow. This requires a powerful source of radio waves of very short wave-length but, unfortunately, such "microwaves" cannot be provided by an ordinary electronic valve. Faced with these difficulties the early radar pioneers developed the multi-cavity magnetron—a special valve which proved to be more powerful by a factor of hundreds than any other microwave generator then available.

Today, magnetrons are playing an essential part in radar navigation. Ships and harbours are no longer hidden by fog and mountain peaks cease to be obscured by cloud. The cathode ray tubes of air and sea navigators present pictures of the way ahead even when visibility is zero.

Radar science is still undergoing ingenious and complex development. In the field of meteorology it is used for detecting and "tracking" clouds, as well as obtaining upper air measurements of wind velocity. A different role is also being played by the magnetron in accelerating electrons for the production of high-energy X-rays. In these and other microwave applications Mullard are contributing to further progress with the large-scale manufacture of high quality magnetrons and similar electronic devices.

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No better abode did he ask;  
And there the old fellow  
Grew more and more mellow—  
Like CURTIS—maturing in cask!



DAVID LLOYD

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In the swagger hotels and the inns,

The really discerning

Are eagerly turning

To CURTIS—THE SMOOTHEST OF GINS

## CURTIS GIN

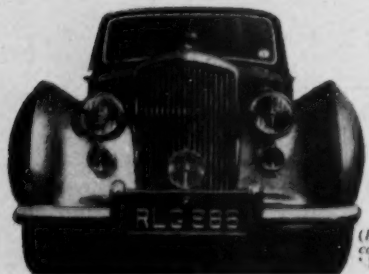
*Smoother*

because it's matured in cask

DISTILLED IN LONDON SINCE 1769

# CAR POLISHING

## money and time...



(Photograph by courtesy of 'The Motor')

It is high time that the facts behind the new developments in car polishes were presented to car owners as honestly as possible. You have been hearing recently that there are now two radically different ways of polishing a car. The nub of the matter is how much time you are prepared to spend protecting your car's bodywork. In this announcement you will find a lucid summary of the advantages of both methods. It is for you to make up your mind on the subject and draw your own conclusions.

### Look after your money...

A car is cash. Look after it. There are two reasons why you should spend time and money on cleaning and polishing your car. The first is to protect and preserve the bodywork. The second is to give the car's surface that sparkling beauty which is the outward sign of a well-kept car in good condition. Whether you achieve your objective by using one of the new quick cleaner-polishes or have more faith in the well-known wax polish method depends on your preferences. All we say is that our world-wide experience in manufacturing car-protection products fits us to give you the best advice on both methods.

### 1. The longest lasting polish



If you are a perfectionist there are no two ways about it. Simoniz wax is the polish for you. Only Simoniz can protect a car's surface with that unmistakable richly gleaming coat of hard wax that lasts up to half-a-year. The reason why a Simoniz finish lasts so long is its extra depth. The blend of hard waxes in the Simoniz formula give the bodywork effective protection which 'seals' it against rain, rust, humid air, and the other causes of hidden corrosion. For six months afterwards a quick wash-and-wipe is all that's needed to bring up a superb 'Exhibition model' shine. At 5/- a large tin this makes 'Simonizing' the most economical, as well as the best method of polishing a car.



### 2. The quickest quick-polish

But some people are in a hurry. They want speed — quick results. That is why they get so enthusiastic about a new quick polish. And — without a doubt — *Bodysheen* is the best of the new 'combined operation' polishes. It cleans and polishes in one go. Only when there's hard grime and mud need you wash down first. Usually you just spread *Bodysheen* on. Then wipe off — that's all. It's marvellous what happens! The sleek glistening beauty — the shining brilliance of finish — surpasses that of any other quick polish. *Bodysheen* is the quickest quick-polish of all.

Simoniz research and long experience have combined modern scientific discoveries in a new way to produce a quick polish that cannot harm your car's finish. With *Bodysheen* there is no difficulty in re-spraying or re-touching the original finish. *Bodysheen* will not produce an 'oily rainbow' appearance even after repeated applications. *Bodysheen* is the best and most protective quick polish yet available and it is backed by the Simoniz reputation. ASK YOUR GARAGE FOR BODYSHEEN.

Well—it's up to you now. You are now in possession of the true facts. You know the advantages of both methods. It is your privilege to choose which you prefer. The finest and longest-lasting car polish in the world or the quickest and most protective of the new quick cleaner-polishes on sale today. Simoniz offer you both. Both perfect in their own way. And when you make your choice it is worth bearing in mind that your car is very valuable property!

**Simoniz (England) Limited**

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and personality to enjoy

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toilet luxuries and to have lived  
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# SHELLGUIDE to APRIL lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



FLOWERS are waking up. On the banks, in April sunshine, you find (1) *White Dead-nettles*, sometimes called *Adam-and-Eve-in-the-bower* from the black and gold stamens which lie side by side, (2) *Dog Violets*, or *Blue Mice*, (3) *Primroses*, and (4) *Greater Stitchwort*. Picking this last innocent plant was held to bring thunder: it belonged to adders, pixies and the devil. (5) *Wild Cherries* are now in blossom, and woodland flowers do well before the leaf canopy excludes the light; hooded (6) *Lords-and-Ladies*, leaves green as malachite. (7) *Wood Sorrel*, (8) *Wood Anemones*, with their faint bitter smell, (9) the pretty *Wood Rush*, known as *Chimney-Sweeper*, and (10) rare *Lent Lilies*, or *Wild Daffodils*. Scarce on chalk or limestone, (11) the *Pasque Flower*, i.e. *Easter flower*, opens petal: so startling it was thought to grow from human blood. Thames-side meadows turn purple with (12) *Fritillaries*, or *Weeping Widows*, growing above (13) *Cowslips*. In the Middle Ages, the trembling of Cowslips made them a medicine for palsy; we use them for the best of country wines and for tistytosties or cowslip balls.



You can be  
sure of



THE KEY TO THE COUNTRYSIDE



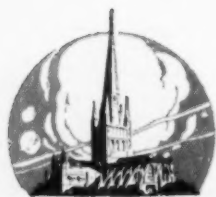


*A Kodachrome photograph*

## *A fine city, NORWICH*

In Norman times the deep ditch surrounding Norwich Castle must have looked grim and forbidding to anyone attempting an unauthorised approach to the square stone keep, but to-day, converted into pleasant gardens, the ditch provides a welcome oasis in the centre of Norwich for citizens and visitors alike. The bridge over it now gives access, not to a fortress or prison as in bygone days, but to a fine museum which, with its art galleries housing a unique collection of paintings of the Norwich School, ranks amongst the best in Britain.

Happily the days when Norwich folk were forced to protect themselves from their neighbours by castles and walls are gone, but the need for protection from the financial uncertainties of this modern age is ever with us. The Norwich Union Insurance Societies, with their varied policies to meet such hazards, are proud to offer these services to the people of seventy countries.



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